

# The Skipper Parson



By  
James  
Lumsden



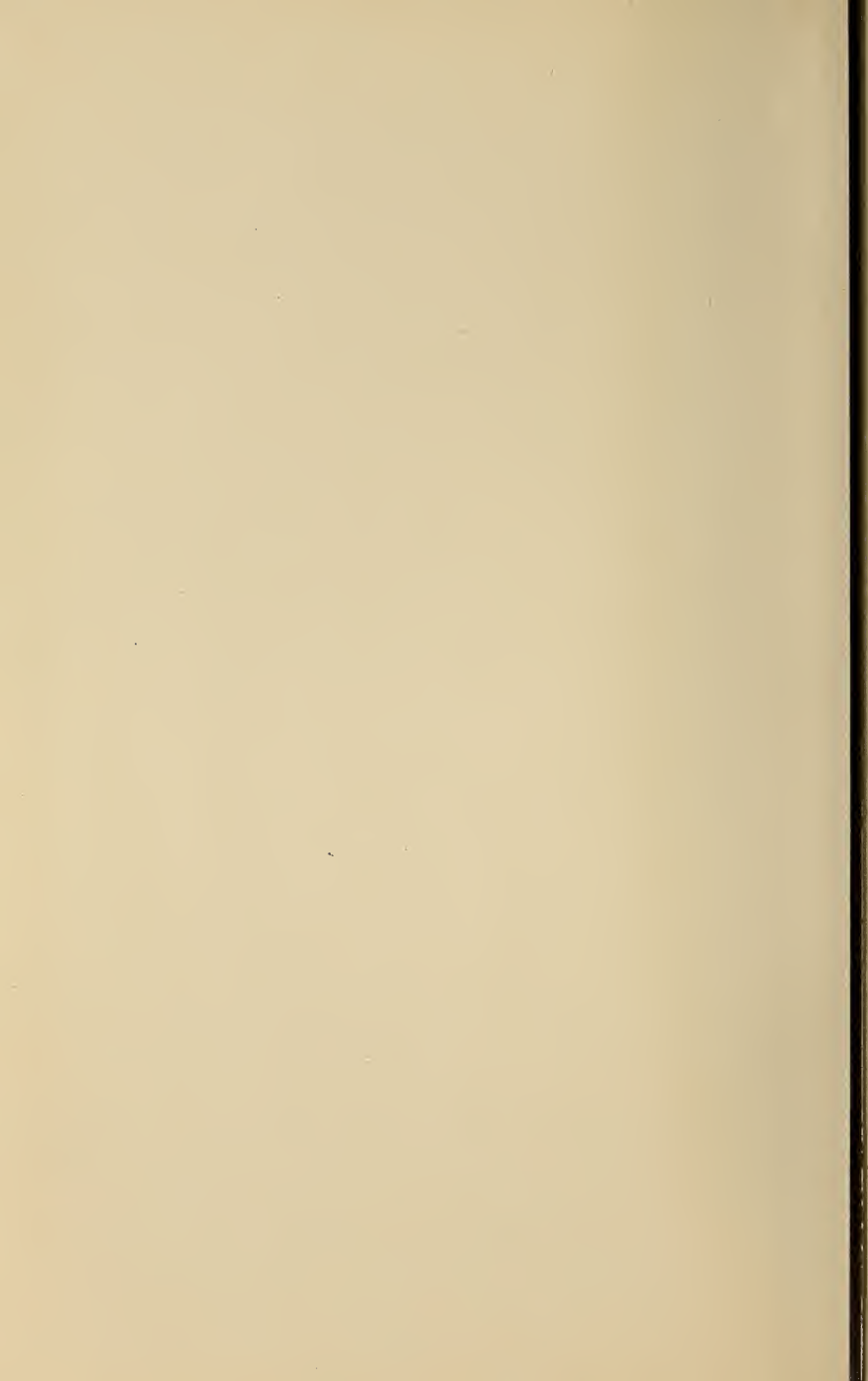
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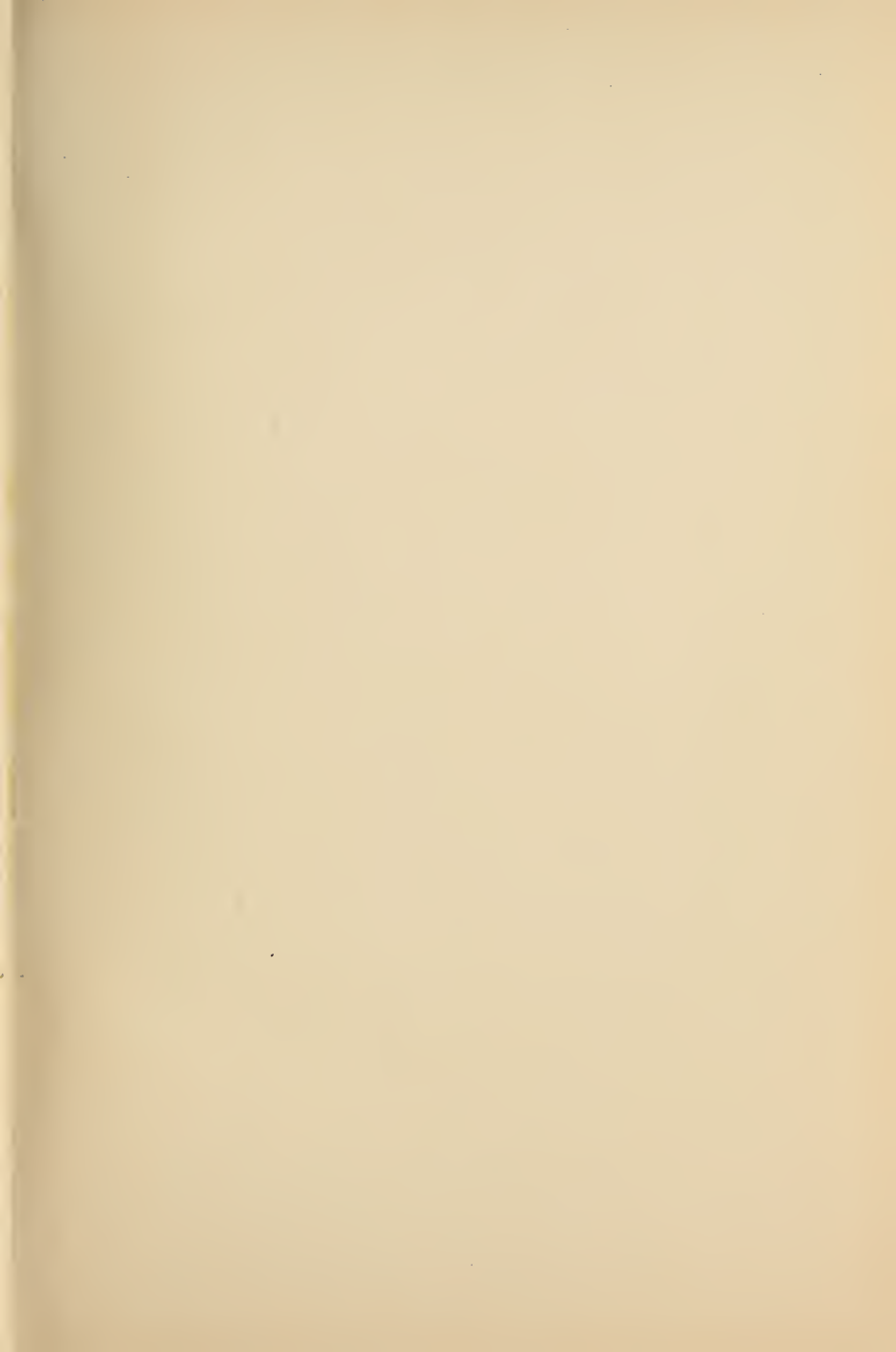
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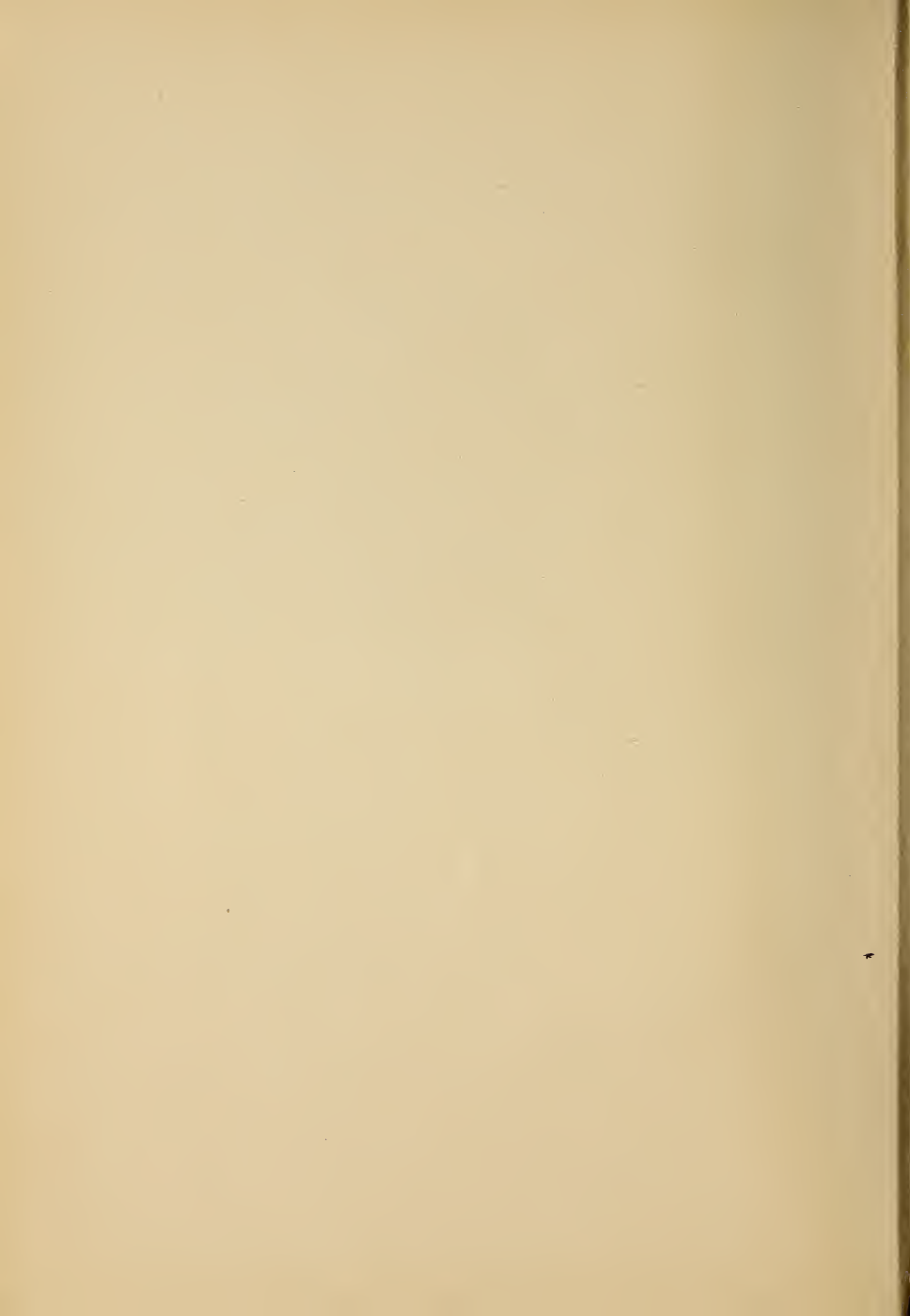
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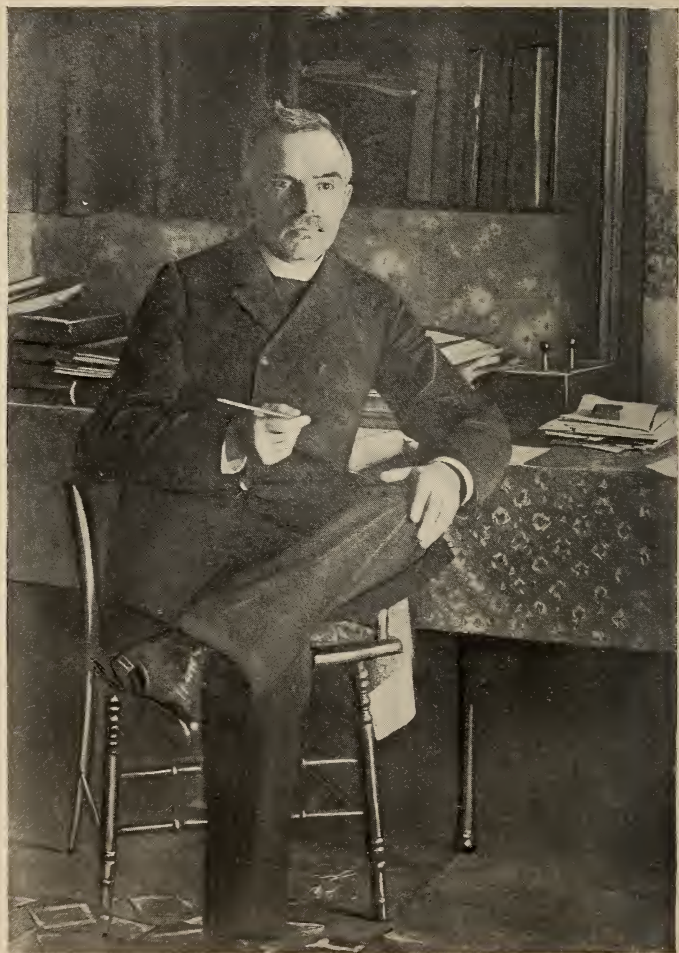












JAMES LUMSDEN

# *The* Skipper Parson

On the Bays  
and Barrens of Newfoundland

By  
JAMES LUMSDEN

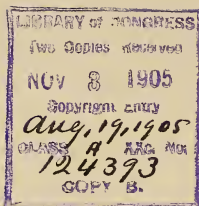
*"To do without thought of winning or achievement; to serve without hope of gratitude or recognition; to accept the task and the opportunity of the day, and ask only strength to do it well; to complain of nothing; to live openly and self-containedly a life of moderation, free from ambition—let this and these things be my daily aspirations."*



NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS  
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM

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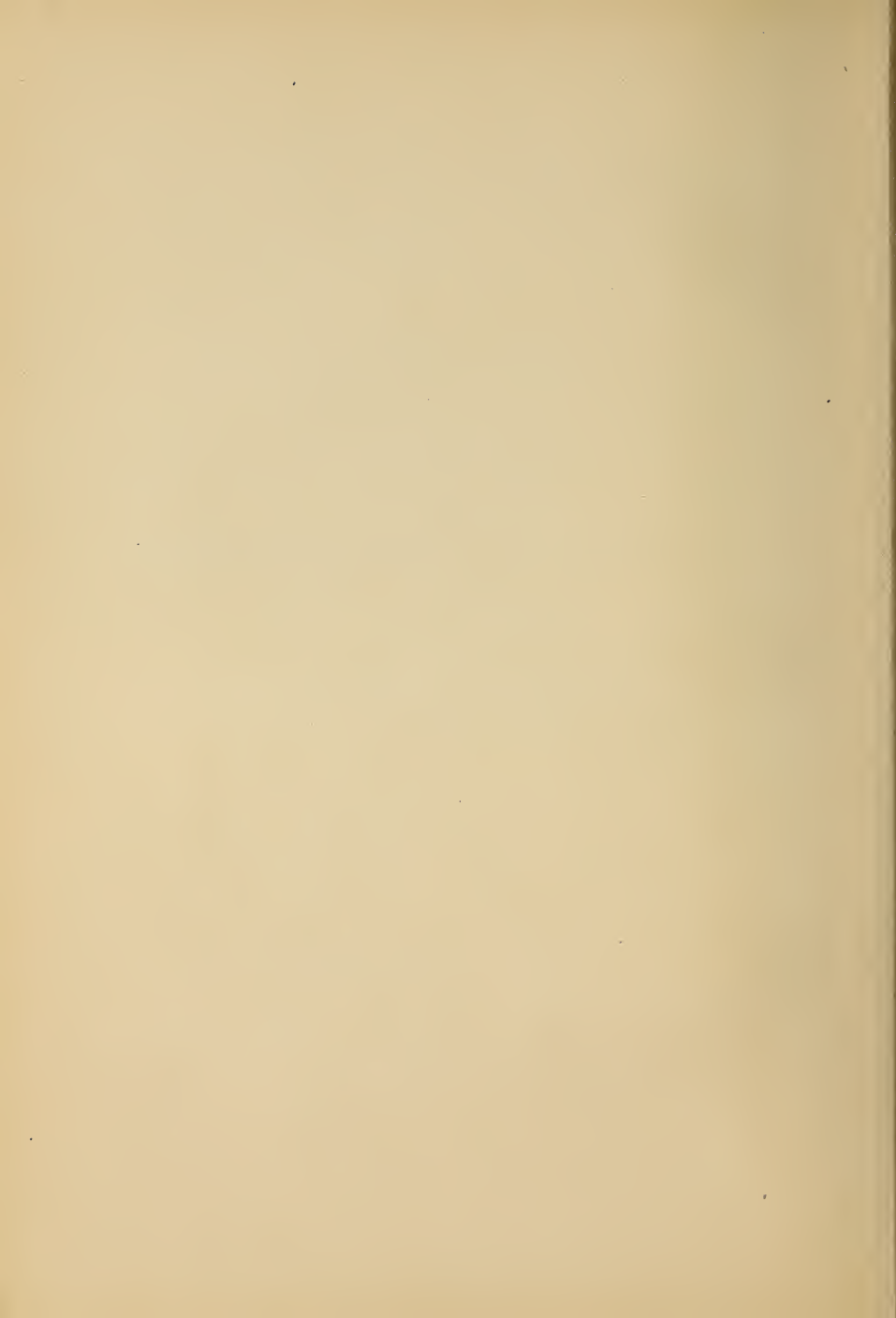
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*To*

*My Mother, who consented to my leaving her for Christian  
work beyond the sea, and*

*to*

*My Wife, who shared with me five years of the labors  
here recounted, is this volume dedicated.*



## PREFACE

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THE aim of this volume is to give the story of nine years of interested observation and experience in Newfoundland, with information about the country, past and present, and pen pictures of the land and people.

The land of these sketches, though long neglected, is now attracting widespread attention. If this book serves in any degree to swell the wave of interest in a country I have learned to know and love I shall be glad.

I gratefully acknowledge indebtedness to Messrs. Hatton and Harvey's History of Newfoundland, the Rev. Dr. Withrow's History of Canada, and sundry other works consulted; also to the Rev. Edgar Taylor, of Exploits, and George Christian, Esq., of Trinity, Newfoundland, for points of information kindly supplied, as well as to others, named in the following pages.

THE AUTHOR.

Southampton, Nova Scotia, September, 1905.



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## CHAPTER I

### YE OLDEST COLONY

"Dawnlight on the Northern waters, as on many a morn  
before,  
Regal sits a lonely island, girt by undiscovered shore;  
White sails from the East draw nearer, English eyes enrapt-  
tured see  
Terra Nova, first Colonia, fringe of empire yet to be."

"NEWFOUNDLAND!" As I write the word my imagination fires, and I seem to feel again the invigorating breezes, and to see the brave display of bunting, characteristic of that rock-bound island home of the fisherman which nature has thrust out so boldly in the stormy Atlantic.

Until quite recently most erroneous notions have prevailed regarding "ye ancient colony." This is not to be greatly wondered at, considering the dearth of information in the past. I recall my own experience with feelings of thankfulness for present-day improvement. On leaving England in 1881 for the mission fields of Canada, I was disappointed to find, on application to one of the great public libraries of Manchester, that the only work in its catalogue on "Newfoundland" was a little book, by a military sportsman, bearing the uncompli-

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mentary title, "Three Years in Fish and Fog Island."

Various factors have had to do with the change now happily taking place. The introduction of railway facilities, the prominence given to the French Shore question (now amicably settled), fresh discoveries of coal and iron, and even the colony's misfortunes, such as the St. John's fire and the bank failures, have combined to give Newfoundland the attention of the world as never before.

The discovery of Newfoundland, though an event of the first importance, was little signalized at the time. John Cabot, a Venetian, sailing from his adopted home, the famous port of Bristol, England, in a ship called *The Mathew*, remarkable only for her small dimensions and the courage and spirit of her brave English crew, was the noted discoverer. At daybreak on the twenty-fourth of June, 1497, the sailors of the gallant little ship heard the welcome cry, "Land, ho!" and this large island emerged from the darkness of the unknown to take her destined place in the world's life and history. In this famous voyage Cabot was accompanied by his son Sebastian, who himself became a distinguished navigator.

King Henry VII, under whose patronage Cabot sailed, made the following curious entry in an account of privy purse expenditure: "To Hym that found the New Isle, £10." The smallness of the gift in view of the greatness of the achievement has often been commented upon, to the discredit of the parsimonious king. A manuscript which has sur-

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vived the wrecks of time gives a record equally curt and quaint, "In the year 1497, the 24th day of June, on St. John's Day, was Newfoundland found by Bristowe men, in a ship called *The Mathew*."

In honor of the day Cabot named the "New Isle" St. John's Island, but when the great news spread in England it naturally became known, we presume, as New-found-land.

Some days previously Cabot had discovered the mainland of America. In this discovery Cabot preceded Columbus (on his third voyage) by fourteen months, thus giving to England the claim to the sovereignty of a large portion of North America. On this famous voyage Cabot did not take the course of Columbus, but steered in the stormier northwesterly direction, the track of the great steamers to-day, thus becoming in his tiny vessel the pioneer of modern Atlantic navigation.

Cabot has received but scant recognition for his splendid services. The name of Columbus is everywhere celebrated, while that of Cabot is little known. The historian can scarcely restrain his wrath as he writes of an injustice to "one of the noblest and bravest men who ever trod the deck of an English ship." He says: "He gave a continent to England; and in all that wide region there is not a cape, or a headland, or harbor called by his name, except one small island off the eastern shores of Newfoundland, which, a few years ago, by an act of the local government, exchanged a vulgar name for the

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honored one of Cabot's Island. The navy and commerce of England received from him their first onward impulse, but no one can point to the few feet of earth which, in return for all his services, England gave as a last resting place for his ashes."

Eighty-six years later, on the fifth day of August, 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on behalf of Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by a brilliant and motley group representing different nations, declared Newfoundland part of the British dominions. It was a great thing to found a colony, but the chief actors in that picturesque and soul-stirring scene did something far greater that day, although they dreamed not of it; they virtually founded an empire (Newfoundland being the first installment), such as has won for Britain the title so felicitously phrased by one of her great statesmen, "the august mother of free nations."

No British colony has suffered more from unrighteous laws, unfair treatment, and the lies of professed friends. Newfoundland is not "the bare rock wholly unproductive," "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea," nor yet "a great ship moored near the Banks during the fishing season for the convenience of English fishermen." These libels were sedulously spread in times past by parties having a selfish interest in maintaining the colony as a mere fishing station, and they were only too successful, the world at large, for lack of better information, believing them to be true. It

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is amazing to read in the history of Hatton and Harvey:

"To prevent the increase of inhabitants on the island, positive instructions were given to the governors not to make any grants of land, and to reduce the number of people already settled there. A certain Major Elford, Lieutenant and Governor of St. John's, even many years after the period we are discussing (1697-1728), strongly recommended to the ministers of the day to allow no woman to land in the island, and that means should be adopted to remove those that were there."

But Newfoundland's day has at last fairly dawned; as with individuals, so sometimes with nations and communities, "the last shall be first and the first last."

A glance at the map shows that Newfoundland occupies a most favorable position commercially and strategically. This great island guards the gateway of the Dominion, the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and is the part of America nearest the Old World, which ships last see going east and first sight coming west. Many believe that sooner or later a great Transatlantic passenger service will be regularly run via Newfoundland, this route offering the shortest possible sea voyage, and the speediest possible connection, as well as the safest, between the Old World and the New. Already a railroad and steamship service renders the once formidable voyage to and from St. John's and the cities of Canada and the United States easy and delightful. The traveler

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now takes the steamer at Sydney, Cape Breton, and is landed within six hours at Port au Basques in Newfoundland, whence an awaiting train hurries him to St. John's.

As to size, Newfoundland ranks tenth among the islands of the globe. Its greatest length, from Cape Ray to Cape Norman, is 317 miles; and its greatest breadth, from Cape Spear to Cape Anguille, is 316 miles. Its total area is 42,000 square miles. Compare it in this respect with other countries, and what do we find? It is one sixth larger than Ireland, and contains 12,000 more square miles than Scotland. It is twice the size of the neighboring province, Nova Scotia, and one third larger than New Brunswick. If it be true that "the size of a country counts for a good deal and in the long run becomes a measure of political power," then Newfoundland has this also in her favor.

The coast of Newfoundland is remarkable for its noble bays, in some instances eighty or ninety miles in length, from which shoot off great arms of the sea or other indentures, carrying the wealth of the ocean far inland; also for its numerous harbors, coves, and creeks, many of them of unique and wonderful formation, havens of refuge which a kindly Providence has lavishly provided in an island where almost the whole population "go down to the sea in ships" and "do business in great waters."

One of the commonest mistakes about Newfoundland is with regard to the climate. They who live in other parts of the world, including its nearest

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neighbors, somehow confound Newfoundland with Labrador, Greenland, and the arctic regions generally. Fog and cold are supposed to have their home in Newfoundland. The origin of these mistakes may probably be traced largely to the impressions that many have formed of Newfoundland from the deck of ocean steamers as they have sped through the fog and chill of the far-famed and much dreaded Banks. Swiftly passing, they have shrugged their shoulders while thinking of poor Newfoundlanders enshrouded in perpetual mists and battling for existence amid storm and cold. These impressions have been given to the world, and wrong ideas have prevailed accordingly. But we must remember that the Banks are not Newfoundland. They lie a hundred miles off the shore. The fog which the navigator encounters is the result of the meeting and mingling of the waters of the arctic current and those of the Gulf Stream, that heated "river in the ocean." These fogs prevail mainly on the Banks and the southern and southeastern shores of the island; in other parts they are rarely seen. Moreover the fogs do not penetrate far inland; as the fishermen say, "the land eats up the fog." And, further, it must be remembered that "it is only during a portion of the year, and when certain winds blow, that the fogs engendered on the Banks are wafted southward. During three fourths of the year the westerly winds carry the vapors across the Atlantic, and the British Isles get the benefit of the moisture. In winter there is little fog on the

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Banks, as the arctic current then is stronger, and pushes the Gulf Stream more to the south; while in summer the latter spreads its warm waters nearer the shores of the island, and thus creates the huge volumes of vapor which often envelope both sea and shore." On the other hand, though partaking of the general character of the North American climate, the cold of winter is not so great as in the neighboring provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. According to Hatton and Harvey, "It is rarely and only for a few hours that the thermometer sinks below zero in winter; while the summer range rarely exceeds eighty degrees, and for the most part does not rise above seventy degrees." Yet, though perhaps rarely, the extremes of heat and cold are felt. For instance, on February 8, 1891, in English Harbor, we remember one very cold day (which folk in that neighborhood said was the coldest they had ever known), when the mercury fell to thirty degrees below zero; while in July, 1892, as far north as Little Bay we experienced several days of very warm weather, when the thermometer registered one hundred degrees. On the northeastern coast, where we lived, the spring was late, long, and tedious, rendered so by the ice fields and icebergs borne on the waters which flow from Davis Straits, and wash that shore. This was always a trying season of the year. Not until July did we bid farewell to the chilly and often cutting winds, which persisted so long. But when summer came at last it was surpassingly beautiful,

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and with its much prized appendage, commonly called the Indian summer, it lingered long, even to the end of October. The spring is earlier on the western shore.

Newfoundland has great resources. Her fisheries—cod and seal especially—are very productive, sustaining the larger part of the population, as well as attracting many vessels from the United States and France. The French and Americans pay attention chiefly to the Bank fishery, while Newfoundlanders follow mainly the Labrador and the shore fisheries, and the seal fishery on the ice fields. The fisheries of this island, which Lord Bacon, with farseeing wisdom, declared were “more valuable than all the mines of Peru,” have been prosecuted for nearly four hundred years. It will not be news, therefore, that Newfoundland is the greatest fishing country in the world; but to many it may be news that the colony possesses besides rich tracts of agricultural land great mineral wealth and an abundance of timber. Capital is being attracted, and Newfoundland’s great resources outside the fisheries are beginning to be developed. Railroad and steamboat facilities and all up-to-date appliances are following in the wake of capital and of growing industries. The prosperity of the colony was never so great as to-day. What will its future be? All the ordinary garden products are plentifully cultivated, and certainly, if due attention were given to the soil, there would be no necessity for the importation of vegetables. Not only does Newfoundland resemble the

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Emerald Isle in the excellence of her potato, but also in the strange fact that neither venomous reptiles, frogs, nor toads are to be found in all the length and breadth of the land.<sup>1</sup> Tradition tells us that Ireland is indebted to Saint Patrick for charming these creatures from her shores. To whom is Newfoundland obligated? Did Saint Patrick also visit her bleak domains?

The French Shore question has been a bone of contention for nearly two hundred years. Unfortunately for Newfoundland, fishing privileges, together with the use of the shore for the prosecution of the fishery, from Cape Ray around the western and northeastern shores to Cape St. John, which is by far the most fertile and valuable half of the entire coast line, were ceded by the imperial authorities to the French by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The result has been endless disputes and the retarded development of this goodly shore. The French have persistently claimed that the treaty in question gave them not concurrent but exclusive rights for fishing purposes on this part of the coast, and that it prohibited its settlement by British subjects. While the British sovereignty over the entire island has always been unequivocally maintained, Great Britain, for the purpose of avoiding international broils, forbade settlement and discouraged fishing on this half of the coast.

<sup>1</sup> With reference to Ireland the *Gazetteer of the World* says: "Frogs were unknown here till introduced by the English. . . . Toads and snakes are still unknown."

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Since 1881 there has been a partial occupancy of the coast, but old difficulties remained to hamper British subjects and to provoke quarrels. Now at last this question is settled, and "King Edward, the peacemaker," sees removed another fruitful source of friction between Great Britain and a sister state. The year 1904 will always be memorable in Newfoundland's history, for then a treaty was signed between France and England which settled the French Shore question. England's sovereignty over the whole island is now undisputed, the French withdrawing all their claims, though still retaining the right to fish in the territorial waters. The greatest bar to progress has been removed, and there opens a new and brighter era before the ancient colony. Sir Robert Bond, Premier of Newfoundland, will be remembered with gratitude for the able way in which he has conducted, on the colony's side, the negotiations that have led up to this long-wished-for consummation.

Other features of the country will be noted and described as we proceed with our narrative.

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### CHAPTER II

#### ST. JOHN'S

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. . . . He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."  
—*The Psalter*.

THE good steamship *Caspian*, after a tempestuous voyage from Liverpool, England, which lasted ten days, slowly steamed into the quiet waters of the all-but-land-locked harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, on Saturday, September 24, 1881, at about 2:30 A. M. It is said that sailors during the first half of a voyage drink to the friends astern; after that, to friends ahead. My thoughts persistently and fondly clung to the friends and scenes I had left behind. The old homeland was dearer to me than I ever knew. Leaving it, in all probability forever, was an agony to me. The land before me, the land that was to be my home for nine years, the scene of my early missionary labors, of my early wedded life, the land of nativity to three of my children, was as yet to me unknown, untried, a Newfoundland indeed. But now we were in the harbor of the chief city of my future island-home. The booming of the cannon that announced our arrival awoke me from my slumbers, and I was soon on deck.



ST. JOHN'S NARROWS



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The steamer was drawing near a low wharf dimly lighted. Already delayed on her voyage, as if further to tantalize awaiting friends, the Caspian arrived in the wee sma' hours of the morning. A score or so of persons were already gathered, and their number was slowly increasing. When we came within speaking range a fellow passenger shouted, "Is Garfield dead?" The reply sent back was the mournful "Yes." It will be remembered that this noble man and honored President of the United States had been cruelly shot by a disappointed office-seeker. He lingered eighty days, dying September 19, 1881. England when we left her shores was bowed to the dust in anxious and sympathetic sorrow, and we all felt deep regret on hearing this, the first news since we left Ireland. This little incident, besides recalling a deeply pathetic event which touched the heart of the whole civilized world, will serve to show the great hunger for news which takes possession of those who have been a week or more at sea, and also suggests how rapidly the world moves, when some of the large ocean boats to-day boast a daily newspaper, thanks to Marconi and his wireless telegraphy. On landing, a fellow passenger kindly conducted me to Gower Street Parsonage, or "Mission House," as he called it, and the Rev. William W. Percival was soon down with a cheery greeting. Without delay I was shown to my room, where I was introduced to the Rev. J. Austin Jackson, whose bedfellow, by his kind permission, I was to be for the few remaining sleep-

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ing hours. While I was in St. John's and during his short stay in Newfoundland, Mr. Jackson, by different acts of kindness, showed himself a true friend.

That day I began to make the acquaintance of Newfoundland, or more particularly of St. John's and its people. The weather was bright and very warm. The order of the day seemed to be introductions. The people had an exceedingly pleasant way of greeting, nearly all expressing themselves in the same words, "Welcome to New-fun-land." These words, spoken with a soft, musical accent, were very grateful to the ear of a stranger. What my preconceived ideas of Newfoundland were I can hardly say, but I know that ice and snow were always present in every picture my imagination drew. The hot weather and the abundant foliage surprised me. At the delightful summer cottage of the Receiver-General, the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, where I took tea the first day of my arrival, the lilacs were abundant, and the air was laden with their perfume as well as that of other flowers.

The voyager who catches his first glimpses of the city from the steamer's deck cannot fail to be impressed by its strikingly picturesque and commanding situation. Steaming toward the coast from the Atlantic, there is no sign of a harbor, much less of a city of nearly thirty thousand people.<sup>1</sup> Rocky ramparts seem to bid defiance to the daring navigator, while he, on his part, appears to regard them

<sup>1</sup> By the census of 1901, the population of St. John's was 39,995.

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with a friendly eye, for he deviates not a hair's breadth from his course. Suddenly the steamer glides into "The Narrows," as the entrance is well termed, and in a few minutes the surprised voyager finds himself, as if by magic, transported from the tempestuous billows of the stormy Atlantic to the quiet waters of one of the most perfectly landlocked harbors in the world. "The Narrows" is a wonderful natural phenomenon. To account for its existence imagination pictures some mighty convulsion in nature splitting asunder this great wall of rock, affording the sea an entrance to the basin prepared for it by the great Master Builder, where its waves are converted into mere ripples, where the winds have lost their force, and the mariner finds rest and safety. The channel is nearly half a mile in length, and measures about fourteen hundred feet at its widest point, and only six hundred feet at its narrowest, so that a chain can easily be thrown across. It is with a feeling of awe and wonder that the voyager gazes on the rocky heights on either side, as the vessel slowly glides to her desired haven. Precipitous cliffs, over five hundred feet above the sea level on the right and over six hundred on the left, guard the entrance. On the summit of the hill on one side is the "Blockhouse" for signaling vessels; on a rocky promontory on the other side is Fort Amherst lighthouse. "It is a scene which for grandeur and sublimity is not surpassed along the entire American coast." The man who approaches a military camp meets the challenge of the sentinel, but when al-

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lowed to pass he carries with him a sense of safety, guarded as he is by a wall of fire. Those mountain rocks are the sentinels of St. John's. To all comers they fling their challenge, but when once passed every sojourner feels better for knowing that they are there—mountains of stone against which the Atlantic storms spend themselves in vain.

In ten minutes after leaving the open sea a steamer may safely be anchored within the harbor. The channel is deep, and an entrance may be effected by steamers of the largest tonnage at all periods of the tide. The harbor, about a mile in length, nearly half a mile in width, and of ample depth, is always crowded with shipping. The city, which has been largely modernized since the fire of 1892, is built on a hillside gently sloping to the water's edge. Every inch of available space seems occupied by dwelling houses, business premises, colleges, churches, cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic. From the summit of the hill on which the city is built there opens to view a wide expanse of country, fair and pleasant, well cultivated, and studded with many handsome residences.

From Signal Hill, commanding the entrance to the harbor, a sublime prospect lies before us. From this height the shipping in the harbor, the loftiest buildings, and all the works of man seem diminutive. When we turn our eyes seaward our thoughts are of the infinite and the eternal. A solitary vessel here and there battling with the waves only serves to emphasize the vastness of the ocean, whose waters

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break on the rocks beneath us, and extend so far beyond the horizon, washing the shores of distant lands.

“Earth has not a plain  
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.  
The eagle’s vision cannot take it in;  
The lightning’s glance, too weak to sweep its space,  
Sinks halfway o’er it, like a weary bird;  
It is the mirror of the stars, where all  
Their hosts within the concave firmament,  
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,  
Can see themselves at once.”

The population of Newfoundland according to the last census (1901) was 217,037. The people are almost all of old-country stock. The most of the fishermen have descended from west of England and Irish forefathers; a large and influential portion of the merchant class are Scotch; and among the miners and quarrymen are found many Welsh. Thus the life blood of the four kingdoms flows in the veins of Newfoundlanders to-day. They possess that buoyant spirit, indomitable courage, commercial instinct, and the regard for religion, law, and order which have made the British people a power in the world, and have built up their world-wide empire.

They have, however, developed characteristics peculiarly their own. They are generous to a fault; are simple-hearted, easily moved to laughter or tears; and can take their place among the bravest of men.

With reference to religion in Newfoundland,

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James Rupert Elliott, in his *Rambles in Ye Old Colony*, says: "Out of all that we have seen of the religious life and work and influence, which come of the earnest thought of this people, we have been taught to bear a high respect for the whole religious characteristics which the country appears to manifest. This country's pure, stimulating, impressive climate, which makes man something more than the being of a day; its animating, sublime scenes, which beckon onward and upward; and its vigorous people, with their individual purposes, mark this as one peculiar spot to which the thinking world will one day turn with the utmost interest. We have been impressed with the idea that this is one of the corners of the earth, where religion will continue to be, with increasing force, something real, something of the sentiments, the feelings, the promptings of the individual heart." This intense spirit of religion, one manifestation of which is the church-going habit, boding so well for the future of the colony, is a general trait of the whole population, even more predominant and conspicuous in the smaller towns and outports than in St. John's.

Church buildings are likewise a manifestation of religious life, a permanent embodiment of spiritual thought and feeling. The Roman Catholic cathedral is a great building on the most commanding site. The Anglican cathedral, destroyed in the last fire, was "as true a specimen of Gothic architecture as existed in the Western world." Happily the work of restoration is proceeding apace. Of Methodist

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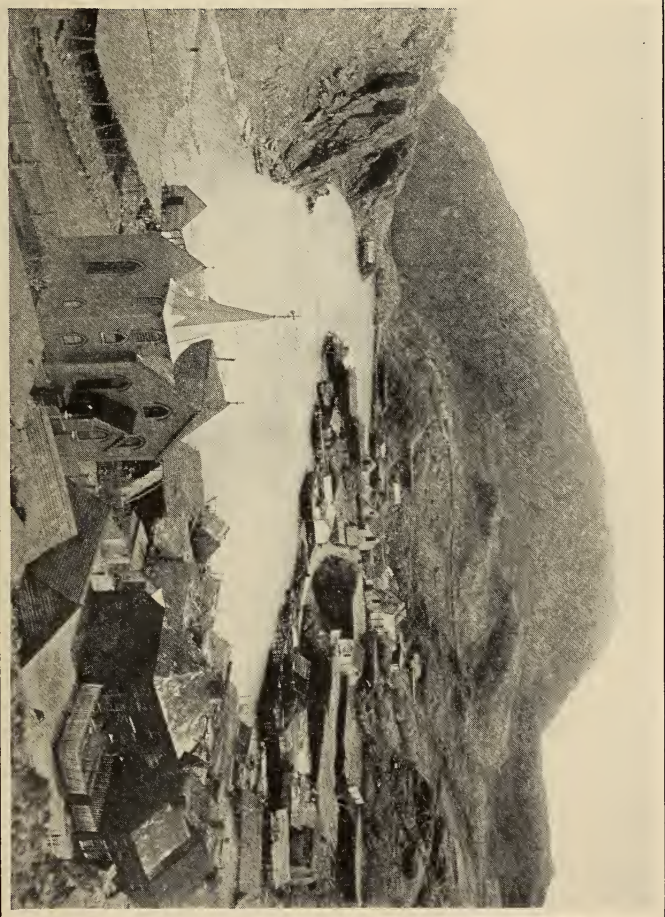
churches there are four or five. "New Gower" stands on the grand and historic site of "Old Gower," which was destroyed by fire, and is judged one of the finest Methodist churches in America. The Presbyterians possess a noble church edifice, as do also the Congregationalists. In the smaller towns and outports generally there are some surprisingly large and magnificent churches, while in almost every settlement there is sure to be found a neatly kept place of worship, even though small and unpretentious. These houses of prayer, great and small, impress the minds of the busy, toiling men with thoughts of God, the everlasting Father, and the dread realities of an eternal world.

According to the census of 1901, the strength of the three leading denominations was as follows: Roman Catholic, 76,259; Church of England, 73,016; Methodist, 61,379. The Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, whose able and spiritual ministry has been a strength to evangelical religion in the colony, and the Salvation Army, though numerically much smaller, are also carrying on a good and successful work. Dr. Grenfell's religious work on the Labrador coast is of later date. There is also an extensive work by the Moravians in Labrador.

The Methodist Church had its beginning in Newfoundland as far back as 1765, when Lawrence Coughlan, at the instance of the Rev. John Wesley, was ordained by the Bishop of London, and sent out as the first Methodist missionary. John Wesley wrote to Coughlan the following characteristic lines:

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“By a various train of providences you have been led to the very place where God intended you should be. And you have reason to praise him, that he has not suffered your labor there to be in vain. In a short time how little will it signify whether we have lived in summer islands or beneath ‘the rage of Arctos and eternal frost.’ How soon will this dream of life be at an end; and when we are once landed in eternity, it will all be one, whether we spent our time on earth in a palace, or had not where to lay our head.” These are the thoughts that make men Christian heroes. That Lawrence Coughlan needed the inspiration of such reflections appears as his story is unfolded. The people among whom he labored, having been long neglected, were morally and spiritually low-sunken. Immorality of the worst description was common, and even the outward forms of religion had fallen into general disuse. Mr. Coughlan’s faithful labors soon aroused bitter persecution. He was arraigned before the highest court in the island, but acquitted. A physician employed to poison him was happily converted to God, and revealed the dark design of the enemies of the gospel. At last being summoned before the governor, a wise and just ruler, he was not only honorably discharged, but actually made a Justice of the Peace. From that time the persecution ceased. He saw the fruit of his labors, and organized societies. After seven years’ toil, on account of ill health he returned to England. John McGeary was sent out by Wesley to occupy the vacant



QUIDI VIDI, A TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLAND HARBOR (See page 18)



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place. Twelve years had elapsed, and in the interim the spiritual work had much declined. McGeary found the work hard and discouraging. Humanly speaking, a critical point was reached; the lonely missionary, being almost completely disheartened, was about to abandon the task when the Rev. William Black, the pioneer of Methodism in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, appeared on the field. McGeary greeted him with the grateful words, "I have been weeping before the Lord over my lonely situation and the darkness of the people, and your coming is like life from the dead." This was in 1791, and from that year the cause of God in Newfoundland under Methodist instrumentality has spread and grown.

It is interesting to note its successive stages of progress. In 1806 two missionaries and 508 members are reported. Eight years later—1814—there were six mission stations, which were formed into a district under the chairmanship of the Rev. W. Ellis. When, in 1855, Methodism in Newfoundland ceased to be under the direct control of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England, and became part of the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Eastern British America, an epochal stage was reached in the pathway of progress. By the union effected in 1883 the Newfoundland Conference became one of eleven Conferences of one united Methodist Church of Canada. The Conference Minutes for 1903 showed present status as follows: Ministers and probationers, 72; mem-

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bers, 11,665; Sunday school teachers and scholars, 16,617. Church property owned by the Conference is estimated at the value of about half a million dollars.

Newfoundland as Methodist ground can make certain unique claims which will always secure for her special interest on the part of all readers of Methodist history. What are these claims? That Newfoundland was the first mission ground of Methodism; that in St. John's was formed the first class meeting in America; and that from St. John's was sent the first contribution to the missionary fund of the parent church in England. These are facts which Newfoundland Methodists, at least, may be pardoned for not forgetting.

The Methodist Church in Newfoundland is not only fervent but practical in spirit. In education she has accomplished much, and has a college in St. John's not surpassed by any in the colony. Her philanthropic spirit has found expression in the visible form of an orphanage, also in St. John's, and, as in other lands, she is in the van in temperance and moral reform.

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### CHAPTER III

#### SHIPWRECK

“When, passing through the watery deep,  
I ask in faith His promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;  
Fearless, their violence I dare;  
They cannot harm, for God is there!”

—*Charles Wesley.*

THE Conference had appointed me to Random South Mission, on the north side of Trinity Bay, and it was arranged that I should take passage in the schooner Llewellyn. It may be observed that my baggage had been placed on two craft previously, and changed from one to the other until the Llewellyn, because bound to a point nearer my destination than either of the others, became the final choice. The Rev. Henry Lewis, from Random North—the circuit adjoining mine—who was to be my superintendent, was in St. John’s at the time. He was very genial and brotherly, and his experience, which his kind-heartedness placed at my disposal, I found helpful in different ways. On the morning of Friday, September 30, I received word that all was ready for departure; this was about eight o’clock. A hurried breakfast, and an equally hurried farewell to my kind host and hostess, Captain and Mrs. Green, whose hospitality for about a

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week I had so thoroughly enjoyed, and I was soon on board.

The Llewellyn, the first sailing vessel I had ever boarded, was a little schooner of about sixty tons burden, totally lacking in comfort—a fair sample of the kind of craft that carry Newfoundland fishermen to the distant shores of Labrador in pursuit of their precarious and arduous calling. She was loaded with provisions and household utensils necessary for life during the long winter in the isolated districts of Random. My companions in travel were three other passengers, including a young lady from Harbor Grace, and a crew of four men and a boy—nine of us in all.

The first circumstance that came under my notice was ominous of ill rather than good. Happening to look down the companion way, I saw an old man—a passenger—drinking spirits. The liquor was at once put away by one who, in a hoarse whisper, said, "It's the minister." The hoary-headed toper was not so easily frightened, and in a loud, defiant tone answered, "Never mind him."

The morning was grandly fine, and we enjoyed that great desideratum, a free wind. There was an uncomfortable swell on the ocean, though none probably but a landsman would have thought so. We had, however, nothing to complain of as far as sky and sea were concerned, and, in sailorlike fashion, could speak gleefully of

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast."

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It was not long before I began to feel very seasick, and was compelled to seek refuge in the quarters below. The cabin could hardly be called "spick and span," and the air was of that condition that increases the tortures of an already qualmish state, though otherwise soporific in its effects. Our wretchedness was increased by the stove's provoking stubbornness in persisting to send its foul and blinding vapors the wrong way. But worse than all was the profane and senile speech of the devotee of the bottle. There was no alternative; so, divesting myself of coat and boots, I took the skipper's bunk, which had been kindly offered me.

The old man seemed to have created something like a reign of terror on board. All stood in fear of him. Every hour, or at intervals he claimed to be hours, he called for his grog. An attempt was made on one occasion to keep the liquor from him, when he yelled in rage, "Mind you don't anger me now; I'll smash everything in the cabin if you do."

Before night the other passengers, like myself, had "turned in." Things became quieter, and even the votary of Bacchus held his peace at last. The heavy tread of the men on deck, the groaning and creaking of the spars, and the gurgling and splashing of the water around the ship were the only sounds now heard. We had ere this, I understood, entered Trinity Bay, and the wind was "head." A hymn sung by one of the sailors on deck broke the dismal silence. The words being new to me, and

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suiting my mood, were especially pleasing; moreover, the singer did his part well. He sang:

"I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,  
And it told thy love to me."

While occupied with my own thoughts, the other passengers being asleep, we were gradually approaching a fearful catastrophe, and knew it not. It broke upon us at last. At about half-past eleven in the night, suddenly as a flash of lightning we heard a piercing cry from the skipper on the watch: "Hard down the helm, for God's sake—she's on a rock!" It was too late for any deft move of the helmsman to escape the rock. Instantly she struck with a heavy thud that shook her in every beam.

At this moment two of the crew were in the cabin lighting their pipes, which they dropped and rushed on deck. The awakened and alarmed passengers went after them almost as fast, and I, hardly realizing the danger, followed in their train. The outlook from the deck, to all appearance, was death. The night was not stormy, but dark—"as dark as the grave," as the skipper expressed it.

The deck of the little craft now became the scene of intense and solemn excitement. The crew, with the single exception of the boy, who lay on the deck crying, behaved splendidly. They all displayed admirable coolness and promptitude, working with the energy of men who felt their lives at stake. The fright sobered the old man. Here he was, suddenly called from a drunken stupor to stand face to

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face with death. Poor fellow! This was a contest for which he was altogether unequal. It was pitiable in the extreme to see this man, whose stalwart frame and hoary locks alone made him an impressive figure, pacing the deck of the doomed ship in the darkness of that awful midnight hour, crying, "My God! my God! We're lost! we're lost!" The young lady acted bravely, but it was heart-rending to hear her lamentations over her dear parents for the sorrow which she thought was in store for them on hearing of her untimely end, and also her oft-repeated prayer to God to have mercy on her soul. I shall not attempt to reveal fully my own thoughts and feelings in that most solemn of all moments, when we stood under the very shadow of eternity. But as an unprofitable servant's testimony may be blessed to the strengthening of some soul nearing the borderland, or some one like myself called suddenly to stand face to face with Death, I will not wholly omit it. I realized that in all probability my last hour had come, and God gave me the grace of resignation to his will. I was not anxious: the cross of Christ was my peace. Safe in an almighty hand, I was able to repeat, as the language of my heart, words since doubly dear:

"If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?"

All this took place during the few minutes the crew were at work getting the vessel off the rock. She

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now glided back into deep water. "All hands to the pumps," shouted the skipper. Hardly was the order given before he called again to us standing aft, "See if there's any water in the cabin." Instantly went back the answer, "She's a foot deep; the water is pouring into her." We all now fully realized that a few minutes would decide our fate. Thoroughly aroused, we joined with the crew in the shout, "Get out the boat." This was our only hope. Quicker than words the boat was launched and we were in it. There was no thought for anything now but our lives. By this time the water was nearing the level of the deck of the sinking schooner, and the excited cry went up for a hatchet to cut the rope that fastened our "lifeboat" to the fast-founder-ing vessel. A moment or two, supremely critical, of great suspense, and the rope was cut and we were free. A few minutes later and we should have been lost. We pushed off. I kept my eyes on the ill-fated Llewellyn. We were only three or four boat-lengths away when she went down. The light that streamed from her cabin was first suddenly extinguished. The vessel was now under water. Slowly, steadily, the masts disappeared, until the topmost spar had vanished, and the Llewellyn was buried forever beneath the cold, relentless waters. At this moment, overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude for our spared lives, with uncontrollable emotion I sang in a loud voice:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

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The rock on which the Llewellyn received her death blow was Shag Rock, Duck Island, about four miles off the northern side of Trinity Bay, as is shown on the map. The schooner had been beating her course up the bay, and at the moment of collision was sailing at a good speed, under a smart "sideling" breeze. The blow, as we have seen, was a fatal one for the Llewellyn. It is not for me to apportion blame, but merely to describe the actual occurrence. I saw no one take liquor except my aged friend.

It was well for us that the night was not stormy, for our boat—it is hard for me to speak slightly of the boat that saved us—was but an ill-conditioned punt, "cranky," to use the word applied to it by the sailors, and could never have survived in even a mildly boisterous sea. In our haste we had only taken two oars, and one of them was imperfect. The darkness was intense, and not even relieved by the friendly gleam of a distant lighthouse. I was without hat or coat or boots; others were in an equally bad plight. We shivered with wet and cold, but there was no word of complaint. These inconveniences seemed nothing in presence of the fact that our lives had been so providentially spared. There was an unbroken silence, as when men have something unusually solemn to think about.

This silence was at last broken by an incident which for the first time revealed to me what I afterward proved again and again, the soft heart, the chivalrous spirit, possessed by many of Newfound-

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land's hardy fishermen. One of the crew, called Jacob, rose at the other end of the boat and asked, "How is the parson?" I replied, as cheerfully as possible, "All right, thank you." Not satisfied, he plied me with questions until he found I had no boots, when he immediately pulled off his own, and, deaf to my loudest protestations, simply compelled me to put them on, thus exposing himself to the cold, and possibly injury from the sharp rocks on landing, to advantage me.

It was about half-past one in the morning when we entered a long, narrow creek called Ireland's Eye. After paddling a space in the deeper darkness of frowning cliffs, suddenly from a cottage window, high and in the distance, a light shone, thrilling our hearts with joy. Its bright and friendly gleam seemed at once to assure us of safety, and to welcome us to a refuge. We can never forget it, nor the gladness it brought to our sad hearts.

The old man, who had been significantly quiet since the wreck, was one of the first to step on the wharf, exclaiming as he did so, "Thank God, I'm out of hell." With this devout exclamation upon his lips, we bid good-bye to a fellow voyager and companion in misfortune, trusting that a gleam of light arose upon his soul, that in the end he found that mercy God delights to bestow. Needless to say we were all glad to be again on terra firma.

We had to arouse the people in the house from whose window shone the friendly gleam. Again and again we knocked, and at last a voice responded,

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"Who's there?" "Shipwrecked men," our skipper replied. Then we heard the same voice in a loud and excited soliloquy: "O, my God! I know all about it—I saw it all in my dream." On entering this kindly shelter, after greetings and explanations, the first thing we did was to return thanks to God for our deliverance. We sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and as we knelt and gave expression to feelings of deepest gratitude, fervent "Amens!" broke from the lips of those around.

The people of the house received us most kindly. Of course it was impossible for them to accommodate their numerous and unexpected guests in the way they would have been glad to do under other circumstances, especially as we besieged their lonely dwelling at such an hour. In the words of the apostle, they cheerfully said, "Such as I have give I thee;" and more grateful to us poor castaways than ever beds of down to home-staying bodies were the beds extemporized on the floor of that fisherman's cottage on that eventful morning.

When I awoke my eyes were bloodshot with cold, and realizing the position I was in I could not help feeling greatly depressed. I had saved from the wreck but one portmanteau, which happened to lie at my feet on the deck; all the rest had been left behind, and had not even been thought of. But now, through God's mercy, I opened my eyes on the workaday world again, and for the first time in my life felt quite unprepared to meet it. There are few of us, I imagine, altogether oblivious to our

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surroundings. I confess having little of that stoicism. As cold causes the mercury to drop to zero, so a man's surroundings will sometimes affect his spirits. This morning that peculiar condition of things prevailed with me. I was conscious of the absence, like a yawning gulf, of loved ones and familiar friends. Not a being did I know. Nature, too, was unsympathetic and somber; gray sky, gray sea, gray rocks. There was no comfort anywhere except in God. I stood on the giant rocks and looked out on "great, lone Trinity Bay" until my heart was sick, and I turned away well-nigh in despair. Not so much the loss of my outfit and library did I regret, though these were valuable, and I found myself without even a Bible, a hymn book, or a cent in money; but the sudden swallowing up of all that linked me with a bright and happy past, presents, heirlooms, treasures, things that money could not replace. Here I was a stranger in a strange land, a castaway.

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### CHAPTER IV

#### THE WAY I COMMENCED MY MINISTRY

"Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out to me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee."—*Miss Waring.*

HAPPILY there was not much time for thought. We were called upon to act. It was arranged that our voyage should be continued in the vessel belonging to our kind host, who volunteered to take us. Before it was possible for me to proceed I had to borrow clothing. Our host, a man twice my size and build, supplied me for the occasion with long boots, a warm coat, and a scarf. A Tam o' Shanter cap which I had in my portmanteau completed my attire. Once more we committed ourselves to the deep. We had a head wind and a wretched time. I could not bring myself to go below, but lay on the deck, without any desire for food. By nightfall we were landed in the settlement where the skipper of the Llewellyn lived, known as Long Beach. We were very sorry for this poor man in the loss of his vessel, which meant much to him. I spent the night at his home, and it was impossible to witness, unmoved, the grief of his wife and friends. I re-

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ceived nothing but kindness from his hands from first to last, as also from all the crew.

Next day was the Sabbath, "most beautiful, most bright," and as I walked out on the soft, green sward that morning it seemed as if all nature had undergone a transformation. We were in the Southwest Arm of Random, a beautiful sheet of water, two miles wide, and running inland fifteen miles. The land on both sides of the Arm was thickly wooded to the water's edge, except here and there where there was a clearance and a settlement built up. Everything was resplendent in the glorious sunshine—everything but my poor heart. I lay on the grass, and there on that lovely morning of the Lord's Day I found myself in the bitter throes of a spiritual conflict, unlike any known before or since. I doubted my call to the work of God in Newfoundland, events seeming to indicate that the hand of God was against me. I asked God that I might not be left in doubt regarding his will, and he answered the prayer.

We now began the last stage of our journey. We were taken in a rowboat that Sunday morning to Northern Bight, our destination—that is, the young lady passenger (now looking quite cheerful) and myself. The water was transparent in its clearness, and perfectly calm. The day was warm as well as beautiful. By and by as we neared the head of the Arm we caught the first glimpse of Northern Bight. The little village, with its stretch of houses, and, at one end, its two churches, all shining in

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white paint, and in the background the dark green of tree-clad hills, looked as pretty as a picture. As we drew near we noticed that the people were coming out of church. Arrivals were only at infrequent intervals, and our coming naturally created a stir. We could see them as they brought their glasses to spy us out. Evidently the absorbing question was, "Who are they?" They decided, as I afterward heard, that the man in the queer rig must be a railway surveyor. They never thought of identifying him with the young minister they were expecting from England. The people received me with open arms. From the first they showed a kindly, even an anxious interest. The house I entered, with its neat and cleanly appearance, wherein was the appetizing savor of pork and cabbage being cooked for dinner, was most inviting after the perils and privations of the last few days. The little room that was to be my sanctum for the next two years was soon crowded with friends eager both to hear my story and to help. "Have you saved nothing?" asked one. "Nothing," I replied, "but what is in my head." Said he, with kindly humor, "I hope you have something in your heart, too."

Having returned the clothes loaned me by my big, kind friend in Ireland's Eye, I was compelled to borrow once more. "Lend me a pair of boots and I'll preach to you," I said. I soon got their answer. I found that during dinner they had opened their stores and ransacked their wardrobes in my interest. They spread before me half a dozen

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hats, several pairs of boots and other garments, from which I was invited to make my own selection. The hat chosen was not the best fit, neither was it in the latest fashion; the coat evidently was not made for me, and now I boasted a brand-new pair of long boots. Thus fitted out by my enthusiastic friends, I commenced my work as a Methodist preacher.

My text that afternoon was consolatory, John 14. 27: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." In the evening it was admonitory, Matt. 24. 44: "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." At the first service that afternoon the cloud lifted, and I felt I could take up the work God had given me to do with a calm heart, an unwavering faith.

On Monday morning, however, I found that my real difficulties had not been removed but awaited solution. My dilemma may be stated in a few words. Not only was I without needful clothing for the coming winter, but I had lost my library and all working materials, not having even the books in the probationer's course which I was expected to study with a view to examination at the next district meeting, and this while I seemed so far off from the sources of supply.

Early in the morning, therefore, I set off to walk to Shoal Harbor, Random North, a distance of twelve miles, to seek counsel and help from the



NEW GOWER METHODIST CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S (See page 31)



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Rev. Henry Lewis. After a weary walk, when I arrived at the parsonage I was disappointed to hear that Mr. Lewis had not returned from St. John's. I was the innocent occasion of perplexity to Mrs. Lewis, as she often afterward confessed. Of course, being an absolute stranger, I had to introduce myself. The account of the shipwreck was briefly given in explanation of my unexpected visit and very unclerical appearance. Mr. Lewis was absent, and here was one with a very plausible story, whom nobody in the place knew, and who presented no credentials; to believe or not to believe—that was the question. Here was Mrs. Lewis's perplexity; her hesitancy was but short. A woman's instinct (and she was one of the most amiable and judicious of women) led her aright. I was admitted to their hospitality, and doubt not that theirs was the blessing of Him who said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

It was a day or two before Mr. Lewis arrived. I then went down to the beach to meet him. He had heard of my trouble, and was anxious about me, fearing that discouraged and broken in spirit I would be off again, shaking the dust from my feet in leaving those inhospitable shores. In coming toward me his eyes were cast down, but when our eyes met we read one another's thoughts and involuntarily laughed outright. We had either to laugh or to cry, and our conflicting feelings found relief in mirth. It was well it was so, for has not the wise man said, "A merry heart doeth good like a med-

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icine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones"? With Mr. and Mrs. Lewis I stayed some days, and was treated with the greatest possible kindness. On leaving I was fitted out with many little necessities, which added much to my comfort. This was not my last visit to the parsonage at Shoal Harbor; at intervals, necessarily far apart on account of the exigencies of the work, I enjoyed refreshing and happy hours under that hospitable roof.

Doubtless a man has to be in trouble to discover how many kind hearts there are in the world. From England and St. John's I soon got word of financial aid; while from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and even the Northwest Territory, I received letters of sympathy and encouragement, as well as an occasional volume. Among the most touching of these communications was a letter from William Holland, Esq. (now Sir William Holland, M.P.), my old Sunday school teacher and class leader in Cheetham Hill, Wesleyan Church, Manchester, enclosing money. He said he would have cabled if there had been a bank in Random, and intimated that there was more to follow. I did not accept the proffered help in this direction, though fearing I might be misunderstood. The kind thoughtfulness of the act, however, is one of the things I shall never forget. Neither can I forget the kindness of my dear friends the officers and teachers of Red Bank Ragged School, Manchester, who duplicated their valuable present of books. Curious to relate, a trunk of clothing, of which I was in immediate need,

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despatched at the earliest opportunity from St. John's, only reached me near the end of the year.

This, then, is the way I commenced my ministry, so utterly different from what I had anticipated or would have chosen. But God's way for each is the right way. Sometimes in after years we see it, and praise him; sometimes we see it dimly, if at all, and yet we praise him, believing that in the better world all will be made plain.

From the President of the Conference, the Rev. Charles Ladner, whom I did not meet until the following summer, I received, by letter, "a most hearty welcome to the ranks of our ministry in this colony." Truly I felt I had entered upon a holy apostolate when I read his words:

"In this country God has made Methodism the means of saving thousands of souls. Our fathers toiled along these rugged shores, and saw multitudes saved. They suffered many privations, sometimes persecutions, but they achieved great things in the name and strength of the Master. God gave them many revivals of religion. I am glad to inform you that their sons in the ministry are also blessed in this the greatest of all work. I pray you may have souls given on every circuit you shall be appointed to."

## THE SKIPPER PARSON

### CHAPTER V

#### RANDOM SOUTH

"Back o'er the past with reinless speed  
The wayward fancy sweeps,  
And with the absent and the dead  
A sweet communion keeps."—*Mrs. Rogerson.*

A METHODIST minister, because of the itinerant system, labors in the course of his lifetime on many different circuits; but however many and diversified these circuits, it is probably true that the first will always hold a unique place in his life, the memory of it living longest. This does not mean that it is loved above others; it may or may not be. It does mean that the experiences being altogether new, the emotions stirred are profound and the impressions indelible. May I venture on a bold figure? A mother has several children and loves them equally well, but the first, with whom is associated the earliest experience of motherhood, new thoughts, feelings, hopes, and fears, occupies a place apart. So the minister, if I may judge from my own experience, regards his first circuit somewhat differently from any he may afterward have. The scenes and events of my earliest days in the ministry, my novitiate, are as vivid as if they happened but yesterday; and as I recall them many a deep chord is touched in my heart.

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My circuit consisted of sixteen preaching places in all. These were settlements, harbors, and coves, most of them with distinguished names, on either side of the Southwest Arm, and on the south side of the Northwest Arm, and one on the north side of the bay. To go around this circuit once meant to cover a distance of not less than sixty miles. It meant crossing and recrossing an arm of the sea two miles in width; footing it through the forest; and in winter, when the frost king reigned, walking across the Arm or harbors as the ice made it possible, and sailing in an open boat in all seasons to Deer Harbor in Trinity Bay. In this district there were no roads, nothing better than a footpath or track. A horse and carriage would have been a superfluity, and even a horse to ride would have been of little service. Therefore "circuit cruiser" would be a true designation of the preacher rather than the one so well known elsewhere, the old-time "circuit rider." "Circuit cruiser," too, would be in harmony with the nomenclature of the country. Every trip was a cruise, whether by sea or by land, and there was no commoner question than this: "Bound for a cruise to-day, sir?" And I have known a minister to be honored with the clericonautical appellation, "Skipper Parson." Schooners, skiffs, punts, snowshoes ("rackets," in common parlance), were the ordinary dependences. The missionary traveled as best he could, according to time and circumstances. It was seldom, if ever, he did not succeed in making the entire round each month.

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Besides preaching two or three times on Sunday, I preached every night in the week, with the single exception of Saturday, and carrying my books with me spent the hours when not traveling or preaching in studying for examinations, thinking out sermons, and visiting from house to house. The daily fare was not luxurious, the staple being bread and tea; but the people were the soul of kindness, and it was their delight to honor their minister with their best. In homes where he was a regular visitor, there was the "prophet's chamber," sacred to him alone. When the dear "mother in Israel," whose name and memory successive generations of preachers cherish, spread the immaculate cloth, such luxuries as she could command were provided, and a standard article was loaf sugar. While traveling among the very poor, when bread and tea grew tiresome, herring and potatoes would be prized like the patriarch's savory meat; but the good people being hard to convince that their minister would partake of such "common victuals," he had to make known his wish. By and by they learned better. Milk was not to be had, and fresh meat was a rarity. Your missionary considered himself particularly lucky if he happened along when a bird had been shot, or, even better, when a bit of venison was obtainable. Thus, with his theology and metaphysics on the one hand, and on the other his bill of fare as described, while meaning no reflection on a noble-hearted people, it will surely be conceded that he realized the poet's ideal, "plain living and high thinking."

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We had a few small churches and several school chapels (buildings serving both the purposes of a church and a day school), on the circuit, and for the rest we preached in houses. In "cruising round," the understood order of procedure was this: the missionary at the close of a service announced the place he wished to visit next; if by water, a boat and crew would be waiting for him at an appointed hour, usually early in the morning; if by land, a guide could be obtained when necessary. My boating expeditions were almost every day. The size of the boat and the number of the crew necessarily depended upon destination, weather conditions, etc. If confined to the Arm and when the day was fine, a punt (in Newfoundland a keeled rowboat of peculiar native construction) and one man sufficed; if out in the bay to Deer Harbor, a "cod-seine skiff" and half a dozen men might be needed. The men always carried guns, hoping to get a shot at a sea bird, or it might be an otter or a seal. If they saw "a chance" they forgot all about time, their destination, and their passenger; in their eagerness for sport they were oblivious to everything else. Once we lost the best part of an hour chasing an otter, and then did not get him after all. How much depends upon the viewpoint! This, from the fisherman's way of looking at it, was wisdom, making the most of an opportunity; from the missionary's, it might be considered the opposite, wasting time, except in the case of him—and I have seen and known him—who possessed

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the instincts of a "sporting parson." Sailing in these open boats in the fall of the year, one could not avoid suffering severely from cold. He might ply an oar for warmth, as I have done for five consecutive hours, and yet his feet would be cold. These trips were not by any means all unenjoyable. In the summer when sailing in the calm, transparent waters of the Arm, I would lie at the stern enjoying the scenery or the reading of late English papers; and with a good boat and a good crew, wearing a "sou'wester" and a suit of oil clothes, I always enjoyed being out on a stormy sea—delighting in the wild music of the breakers, the wind that "bends the gallant mast," and the flying spray, and watching the wonderful evolutions of the sea bird,

"White bird of the tempest—ah! beautiful thing,  
With the bosom of snow and the motionless wing."

Where my brave fishermen friends led I was glad to follow. Once, as I well remember, four or five times in succession, on different days, the attempt was made by six stalwart fishermen, manning a "cod-seine skiff," to take me from Deer Harbor, but each time an angry sea forced us to put back until the elements were favorable, when we succeeded at last. The missionary in Newfoundland is always a practiced pedestrian, sometimes an accomplished sailor, and in one or two instances I have known him to be the proud owner of a yacht.

In my first year of missionary life, my knowledge of many things was dearly bought. Not until the

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winter was fully upon us, and the snow lay deep on the ground, was I reminded that there were such things in the world as snowshoes. When I had been more than once baffled in laborious attempts to forge my way through the snow, then only my friends mentioned snowshoes, saying, "If you had a pair of 'rackets,' now, you would go over the snow like a partridge." But I soon found out it was one thing to get snowshoes and quite another to know how to use them. Strangely, my friends said nothing about this essential matter, and I could not have learned from example, for mine were the only pair I had seen. There was a clumsy imitation in use, made of wood, called "pot-covers," which they wore with long boots. These I had tried before and found positively useless.

A memorable Saturday morning dawned. On that day I had to go from Northern Bight to Lee Bight, a distance of about five miles, through the woods. The snow had freshly fallen and lay deep upon the ground; but what did I care, being the proud possessor of a beautiful Indian-made pair of rackets? Would I not, as they said, "go over the snow like a partridge"? O, it is laughable; but it was no joke to me at the time. Just think of it! Wearing long leather boots, I took my first lesson in walking with the light and graceful snowshoe. The rest may be imagined. The snow "caked up" on the heel of my boot, my feet slipped from their position, and down I sank in the snow. Adjusting them again I made a fresh effort; but with my im-

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possible footgear the slight and elegant snowshoe seemed a hindrance, not a help. Immediately I slipped, and was plunged head first into the snow. This was repeated until, disgusted with snowshoes, I took them off. Reduced now to the worst combination in the world, 'main strength and stupidity,' I beat my way through the deep snow. It was laborious work, and I felt at times as if my heart were coming out of me. My strength almost gone, I was revived in a remarkable way by the singing of a bird in a tree close by. I thanked the kindly Providence that sent that wee songster as a messenger of good cheer to me. It was after dark when I reached Mrs. Adey's in Lee Bight, who ministered to my wants with the tender care of a mother. When I narrated this experience to my friends, they smilingly said, "Why, you need a pair of moccasins." I am afraid my tone was quite savage when I replied, "Why didn't you tell me that before?" I suppose I was expected to know. If I had been a Canadian, I might have known, but being a Britisher, just out, too, I didn't. Afterward when I learned to use snowshoes aright, I delighted in the delicious exercise of striking out on a sea of trackless snow.

The isolation of Random was terrible. Let the reader put himself in my position and he will understand my feelings. From the city of Manchester, England, I found myself suddenly translated to the backwoods of Newfoundland. At home we were accustomed to hear the postman's knock every day,

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perhaps two or three times; here we had a mail—once a month! A stranger was such a rarity that the story is told, which is probable enough, that one day, as a railway surveyor passed by, a girl who saw him from a cottage window, excited beyond measure, called out: “O, mother, who is that man? He doesn’t belong to *this world*.”

My first Christmas Day I spent in a little harbor called St. Jones. My out-of-the-worldness seemed complete when I made the discovery, while dining off salt fish and potatoes, that this was the great festival of the Christian world. It will not seem strange that the imaginations that haunted me the rest of the day were of family groups, merry parties, chiming bells, and worshipping throngs. This leads me to revert to my second Christmas, which was much more happily spent. It was in the Shoal Harbor parsonage, to which the Rev. Jesse Heyfield and his gracious lady, in the succession of the Methodist itinerancy, had come to reside. I had been kindly invited and was royally treated. Everything was made as homelike as possible, even to decorations and Christmas tree. To crown all, the English mail arrived that very morning, and I was made the happy recipient of letters, cards, and papers. I suppose it was the hunger for such things that produced that peculiar relish and enjoyment I remember so well.

But the world moves, and even Newfoundland. The railroad to-day runs through Northern Bight, and, as we all know, the iron horse is a

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great revolutionizer and civilizer, so that even to the "livyers" (to use a colloquialism common in Newfoundland) of the present time the monthly mail of twenty-four years ago must seem a strange anomaly.

The circuit cruiser had to be prepared for a nor'-easter occasionally. Things would run smoothly for a time, and then quite unexpectedly would come the "hard blow," the "close shave."

There came a day when I wanted to get from Fox Harbor to the other side of the Arm. I thought myself fortunate when I heard that there was a schooner bound for Hatchett Cove. It proved a wretched little boat, scarcely seaworthy. A family, to be conveyed to the other side with the intention of spending the winter in the forest primeval, was going aboard when I arrived at the wharf. Besides the father and mother and children, there were hens, a pig, etc. They all, poor creatures, except the father, who worked with the crew, found a refuge in the hold. The morning was bitterly cold. The wind was unfavorable, and it was blowing almost a gale. Before the force of the blast ropes broke several times, and the sails lay useless at the play of the wind. Such breakages were followed by shoutings and scimmages as the men struggled to repair damages with material no better than that which had yielded. The lee side of the craft was mostly under water. For five long hours I stood before the mast shivering with cold; I hardly remember more suffering crowded into an equal space of time.

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How I pitied the crying children and screaming women below, who must more than once have thought their last hour had come. Glad were we all indeed to exchange the crazy craft for solid earth. After such episodes as this I have sympathized with the man—surely not a Newfoundlander—who said, “Praise the sea, but keep on land.”

Inglewood Forest was a small and lonely clearing on the shore of the Northwest Arm. Two houses, a small sawmill, and six persons, young and old, comprised all there was of the place. The Forest was a hard place to reach, and it proved harder still to get away from. Your missionary in “cruising round” never passed the smallest place if it was at all accessible; and in the end, one way or another, this was nearly always done. In the winter, sometimes, it was easy enough to get to the Forest; but to get away—“ay, there’s the rub.” I had two experiences which will make me long remember Inglewood Forest.

On the first occasion I arrived comfortably enough by boat. During my stay drift ice came in, prohibiting my return by water, without being solid and compact enough to allow our using it as a bridge. When the time for departure was overpast, as there was no promise of a change, we had to seek another way of exit. My host proposed piloting me along the frozen shore. The rocks were covered with ice, and the shore was bespread with large pans of ice, high and dry—in local phraseology, “balacadas.” We were compelled to hug the

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shore closely or sink in the slob. We had each a stick spiked at the end to support us in slippery places and to help us to climb. But implements were of little use, and we had to revert to the custom—as some imagine—of our rude progenitors in pre-historic ages, and come right down on all fours. There was nothing else for it; and on hands and knees a good part of the way was gone over. Every now and again to avoid an impassable place we had to scale the heights. Then we slid down on the other side, using a friendly stump or shrub to check our too rapid descent. Thus, climbing and clambering over ice-caked rocks, jumping from icepan to icepan, anon among the trees on the heights above and the “balacadas” on the icebound shore, we slowly and painfully traversed the seven miles to Lee Bight. I was sore in every muscle, and my clothes were almost innocent of buttons when we arrived at Mrs. Adey’s.

Again, the same winter, I got into a similar fix at the Forest. We managed this time to reach it from St. Jones, there being fortunately a good “slide path.” When the time for departure came, my host advised me to make direct for Northern Bight, through the woods and open country. His theories seemed excellent, as he smoked his pipe and elaborated them with many words and due emphasis, and doubtless they were conceived only in kindness; yet when the time came to put them into practice they dissolved into thin air. He reasoned that, while the snow was deep

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in the woods, by the help of "pot-covers," which would be provided (this was prior to the episode with rackets previously described), that difficulty would be surmounted, and once in the open country it would be plain sailing, the snow being hardened by the frost so as to make walking easy; he would send his man with me as guide, and in four or five hours we would be in Northern Bight.

With such a pleasant prospect before us, Dick (my guide) and I set off at seven in the morning. We soon got disgusted with the "pot-covers," and left them hanging on a tree. The snow in the woods was light but deep. Weary hours sped, and the sun had passed his meridian glory ere we saw the open country. Our few cakes had been long since eaten, and we were desperately hungry; in lieu of water we moistened our lips with snow. We stretched ourselves for a few moments on the snow. How beautiful it looked! How delightful it felt! But we tore ourselves from its seductive embrace, an inner voice saying, "Up! On!"

And there at last was the open country, which we had almost despaired of ever seeing: a broad expanse of glistening snow, which we had been made to believe would be as marble to our feet. Alas for the fatuity of human hope!

There was a crust on the snow which only deceived; it yielded at every step. The snow was not deep, but each step meant a jerk, making locomotion torturous. That is all this "brave country" brought us. The day was still beautiful, cold, and

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clear. Around us was a snowy desert; no sign of life, not even the chirp of a bird, or the bark of a wolf; not even a far-off streak of smoke to encourage poor wayfarers.

My companion, Dick, was the "handy man" about the place, and he served his master with even abject faithfulness. He might be considered a trifle simple, but he was not quite devoid of grit and gumption, as a time like this showed. Dick was a loquacious and pleasant companion until his temper was ruffled; then, look out! The short winter day was beginning to close when Dick turned suddenly, and gave vent to his wrath. He pronounced imprecations upon his master for sending him on this journey; he blamed himself for coming, and he did not spare me, whom he regarded as at the bottom of his trouble. As the day was so far spent, it is not surprising that he thought our chances were small. After cooling off a bit, he had a proposal—that he should push on ahead in hope of finding his way out before dark, and I could follow in his tracks. I thought the suggestion sensible, and said, "Go on." He was able to get along much faster than I, and soon he was out of sight. Wearily I followed in his track. By the time I reached the edge of the woods, the sun, which delays for no belated traveler, had reddened the western sky with glory—his good-night to our hemisphere—and left us to moon and stars. Going a few yards farther, I was surprised and pleased to come up with my guide. The moment I saw him I knew danger was passed. He



ST. JOHN'S (See page 24)  
WEIGHING FISH (See page 68)



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was leaning against a tree smoking his pipe with a careless air.

Said he, "We're all right now, sir. Here's an old slide-path." My heart went out in the words, "Well done, Dick."

By nine o'clock I was safely under the roof of worthy Matthias Martin. After a good supper and a hot bath, thanking God who careth for us, I lay down with a will to sleep.

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### CHAPTER VI

#### CUSTOMS AND CHARACTERIZATIONS

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway."

—*Goldsmith.*

A PRETTY custom pertained very generally throughout the island, and was conspicuously evident in Trinity. Nearly every family had a flagstaff on its grounds, and flags were hoisted on national, local, or family celebrations. On a public holiday, every flag would be flying, making a brave and imposing scene. I question if, outside of Newfoundland, there is a place to be found of equal size that, at a moment's notice, could make such a show of bunting as Trinity. Various were the uses of flags. They were called into requisition to announce to the world such important events as a marriage, a birth, the arrival of a friend, and the like. Neighbors rejoiced with rejoicing friends. And when a death and funeral occurred, many flags at half-mast were the silent but eloquent witnesses of a sympathy sincere and general.

There was, also, a more striking and original use of the flag. The churches appropriated it, so that when one was without a bell it simply substituted a

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flag, and a splendid substitute it made. This is how they work it. The flagstaff, which is a high one, stands in a conspicuous place near the church, and the flag can be seen by all. An hour before the service the flag is hoisted full mast; a quarter of an hour before the appointed time it is put half-mast; and as the minister enters the church it is taken down altogether. This excellent plan works well, and insures punctuality. Here I am reminded of a still more novel method of regulating church services adopted and carried out by Brother Blundell in St. Jones, who always made the minister his honored guest. He had a horn which he blew with such vigor that its reverberations echoed and re-echoed among the hills. The first strong blast was a signal to intending worshipers an hour in advance. The second and last was given as the minister was about to leave his house for the church. Immediately it would appear as if the houses were all being emptied, and all the people in the Harbor were on their way to worship God in their neat little sanctuary.

When we come to speak of matters relating to the table we are reminded of the limited meaning given to the word "fish," which is used not in a generic but a specific sense. When the Newfoundlander speaks of fish he means codfish. Cod is king. No other of the denizens of the deep has a right to the title fish (salmon alone excepted), but is merely a "haddock" or a "herring." There are various appetizing ways of cooking fish, but an old fisher-

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man will affirm that fish tastes best when, immediately after being caught, it is cooked and eaten at sea. I remember while cruising in a schooner one beautiful summer morning some fish were caught and put in the pot to boil. At dinner they were served with pork fat and potatoes. It was then I first heard my fishermen friends declare that those who had only eaten fish ashore did not know the genuine taste. And unmistakably it was good; but it is only fair to own that we had the best sauce—hunger.

Of course tea was served also, for no meal in Terra Nova would be complete without “a cup o’ tea.” If one were asked to name the favorite beverage of Newfoundland, there could only be one reply—tea. It is used morning, noon, and night—ay, and between times, too, by poor and rich alike.

“Hamburg bread,” or hard biscuit (not to be confounded with pilot or sailor biscuit as popularly known, being thick and cake-like in shape and extraordinarily hard), is in constant use on the vessels and in the houses of the fishermen. On a journey I always carried one or two of these biscuits. When hungry I would soak one in a brook, and found in it a sustaining meal.

A popular dish in Newfoundland is “brewis,” pronounced *broose*. In the north it was always the Sunday breakfast of the fishermen. Brewis is made from Hamburg bread, boiled and served with pork fat or butter, and often accompanied with salt fish.

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This is a wholesome dish, and helps to nourish a strong and hardy race.

The noble Newfoundland dog is a familiar object in all civilized countries. Burns sketches him well:

“The first I’ll name, they ca’d him Cæsar,  
Was keepit for his honor’s pleasure:  
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
Showed he was nane o’ Scotland’s dogs;  
But whalpit some place far abroad,  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.  
His locked, letter’d, braw brass collar  
Show’d him the gentleman and scholar;  
But though he was o’ high degree,  
The fient a pride—nae pride had he.”

Though this splendid animal derived its name from Newfoundland its origin is obscure, and authorities assert: “It is doubtful whether the aborigines possessed the dog at all; and it is highly improbable that it is indigenous. Some happy crossing of breeds may have produced it here!”

Most boys and girls, probably, when they think of Newfoundland think simultaneously of the Newfoundland dog, and imagine that the breed abounds there; but we must look elsewhere for the finest specimens to-day. Occasionally in Terra Nova we may find a good specimen of this dog owned by some gentleman, and “keepit for his honor’s pleasure,” but the members of the canine species abounding in Newfoundland are a mongrel race. They are generally used by the fishermen to assist in hauling wood in winter time. One of the commonest sights, and not a very pleasing one, in

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localities of my acquaintance was this: a man, and perhaps a couple of dogs, dragging a sled-load of wood over the snow. These dogs are often dangerous brutes. They will lurk under the fishermen's houses, which rest merely on "shores," and thus offer a convenient refuge, or in the porch, ready to attack a stranger who approaches incautiously. Many an ugly scrimmage I have had with these wolfish brutes.

Annoyance came sometimes in other ways. When staying in Deer Harbor I was awakened by the loud barking of a great dog, right underneath my room. His deep-mouthed bay seemed to set all the dogs in the Harbor barking in response. They kept up this sport until daylight, when welcome silence at last reigned, and my long-enforced vigil ended in "sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." These dogs are sometimes a pest to the people themselves, being great sheep destroyers. The people have "local option" in the matter, the majority deciding, between sheep and dogs, which must go under. These facts, like many others, are not beautiful. Actual facts differ from dreams, prose from poetry. We are sorry if we have dissipated a bright fancy, yet I think we shall love none the less our noble friend—the Newfoundland dog.

The system of education obtaining is denominational. P. T. McGrath, of St. John's, says: "It is in the matter of scholastic progress the colony is behindhand. Its isolation, its hundreds of harbors with too few children to make a public school pos-

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sible, and the disabilities consequent on inadequate funds, have served to leave us lagging in the race." While indorsing the truth of this statement, I would remark that, as far as my observation went, the small settlements often supported a school if only for a few months in the year, and at least a knowledge of reading and writing and a little arithmetic was acquired; while in the larger centers, particularly St. John's, grammar schools and colleges were well equipped, from which numbers each year passed the London University matriculation examination. The Bible has a prominent place in the day school, and religious teaching is shaping the character of the youth. The denominational system has grave drawbacks, but under existing circumstances it seems the only possible one in Newfoundland, and all classes, apparently, are wisely making the best of it. No denominational partiality is shown in the working of the system; the claims of minorities are considered even to the extent of permitting two schools in a place that could only fairly support one. This broad-spirited working of the law may be deemed extravagant and inefficient, but this much may be said in its favor: it precludes the possibility of religious strife.

The people of Newfoundland are naturally industrious. They are not, however, as provident and independent as one might wish, and if we are correct in this estimate we are sure that the greatest cause is the "credit system," by which a large portion of the population have been all their lives in

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debt, with no better prospect for the future. A new era is dawning; Religion, and her handmaid Education, are working in the people a noble discontent, following which there cannot fail to be a sure, if silent, revolution.

Among the fishing population a share of work falls on the women. A man will often take with him his wife and children to distant and stormy Labrador for the season's fishing, and frequently into the woods, living in a "tilt," while he engages in a little winter's lumbering. When the fish are landed fresh from the great deeps, the women and girls take their part in curing operations. The potato or cabbage patch, the family garden, when made by the men, is often their special care. The spinning wheel is frequently seen in their kitchens, and their deft fingers convert the fleecy wool into mitts and undergarments. On the whole, women do not appear to work harder than in other countries. Like their brothers, they are gifted with a bright and happy temperament. At work in the home or in the fields, you will hear their cheerful voices raised in song; and the only songs they know are the best—"the songs of Zion." The grand old hymns of Wesley and Watts, to the grand old tunes, in the communities in which I lived, were known by young and old, and sung everywhere.

In Newfoundland "the tilt," to which allusion has been made, answers to the log cabin in other parts of America. As a temporary home some very respectable families will winter in these tilts in the

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woods, making them clean and comfortable, though they themselves are necessarily "cabined, cribbed, confined." It is an unpleasant truth, however, that there are others, though few, who never seem to aspire to an abode better than a "tilt." Entering at the low door, one is as likely as not to stumble over the pig in the porch, to find frightened hens making desperate efforts to escape over his head, and, when he gains the "living room," to feel his eyes smarting from the smoke of green sticks smoldering on the open fireplace. In common with Newfoundland, the greatest nations have their housing problem, their ever present poor problem.

The Newfoundlander "turns his hand" successfully to several different occupations. Of course, as a fisherman he is a past master, but he makes a good second at such diverse crafts as house-carpentering, shipbuilding, cobbling, lumbering, etc. Necessity often compels him to be a jack-of-all-trades, and this again has developed a cleverness, a rough-and-ready expertness, that stands him in good stead in a country where by training there are few skilled artisans.

We have already observed that the people are fond of singing. They have a certain pride in this regard which is altogether creditable. In public worship, participation in the service of praise is considered so fitting and the exercise of sacred song is felt to be so delightful that a worshiper would not only feel unhappy, but rather ashamed to be without a hymn book. The ludicrous side of it appeared

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when a hymn book was handed to and accepted by a man who I knew could not read a word. As book in hand he joined lustily in the singing—doubtless he knew the words by heart—I could scarcely keep back a smile, while I honored him for his manly pride and love of the services of the sanctuary.

The typical Newfoundlander is characterized by a happy, easy-going manner, with little apparent regard for the value of time. The missionary, visiting from house to house, soon learns this latter peculiarity. On rising to leave he will probably be reminded in a half-admonitory tone that "time is long." In vain he will plead that the Scriptures say just the reverse. To them in their isolation, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," time walks with leaden feet.

A genial friend used to measure the length of my visit by the burning of a log. If I attempted to go too soon, as he thought, he would smilingly remonstrate, saying, "Why, time is long, sir; you've only burned out one log"; and forthwith putting another big stick on the fire, he would good-humoredly issue the command, "Stay till that is burned out."

They dearly love a chat, and are not easily satisfied in this regard either. These dear souls look upon the missionary as a kind of "central office," where they may always apply for news of the doings of the world near and far. Hence the oft-repeated inquiry, "Anything strange lately, sir?" Certainly it was a pleasure to gratify such seekers for knowl-

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edge. The tedium of many a long, cold, and stormy winter's night has been pleasantly relieved as we have sat by the stove and narrated to eager listeners, in fullest detail, stopping to answer many questions, the movements of contending armies in deadly war, the outgoings and incomings of Britain's universally beloved queen, also descriptions of great cities, and accounts of Christian life and work.

To know the religion of a people a brief visit is not enough; you must get behind the scenes and to the heart for that. So every Newfoundlander would say who reads the following: "In Ragged Harbor some men have fashioned a god of rock and tempest and sea's rage—a gigantic, frowning shape, throned in a mist, whereunder black waters curl and hiss and are cold without end; and in the right hand of the shape is a flaming rod of chastisement, and on either side of the throne sit grim angels, with inkpots and pens, who jot down the sins of men, relentlessly spying out their innermost hearts; and behind the mist, far back in the night, the flames of pain, which are forked and writhing and lurid, light up the clouds and form an aureole for the shape and provide him with his halo." Another, commenting on these awesome and gruesome imaginings, writes the strange words: "The comedy is furnished by the religion, or rather superstition, of this primitive people, whose theology is fierce and hard and cruel as the tempest-battered rocks upon which they so often gasp out their poor lives. This also is tragic in its way,

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for, although you cannot share their terror of the vengeful and capricious deity they worship, you cannot but be filled with pity for the brave, toiled-toughened, but benighted souls in whose stern creed there is no mention of the brightening and alleviating fact that God is love." A creed in which there is no mention of the love of God! They have never heard of it. The gospel has been preached in Newfoundland with success, in every part of it. They no more derive their theological conceptions from the rocks and storms of their native land than did the Galilean fishermen from their storm-swept lakes. Superstitions, as proved in more privileged lands, are hard to die, and they linger here where the gospel is known and loved; but in the main intelligence, as well as sincerity and genuineness, characterize the religion of the Newfoundland people.

How beautiful the sight of a harbor in Labrador on a summer Sabbath day, as it has often been described to me! The harbor is crowded with "fore-and-afters." On one of the schooners the flag is hoisted as a signal for "prayers." Soon the deck is crowded with worshipers—sunburnt, weather-beaten men and women, for women are there, too. No minister stands before them, but a stalwart son of the sea, like themselves, in blue guernsey and long leather boots. Simply, directly, the leader gives out a hymn, and, after the singing, reads the Word of God. His voice is soft and reverent; the refining touch of the grace of God is unmistakable in tone

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and manner. Now there is heard a simple, earnest prayer, after which the "sermon book" is produced, and the congregation of sea-toilers listen with becoming attention and interest to the reading of the words of some noted preacher, great in his simplicity. The sermon done, another burst of jubilant praise floats afar off to reach the ears of stragglers on sea and land. Following this comes a chain of song, prayer, and exhortation. One after another, men and women, with heaven's light on their sea-bronzed faces, tell of temptations and triumphs, and of an immortal hope. In all this unique service nothing is needed to convince of the presence of Jesus, as with the fishermen disciples on Lake Galilee, but his visible form only. The rocky harbors of Newfoundland and Labrador witness many such scenes.

Original thinking on theological, church, and social matters is not uncommon, and often expressed in words which are "as goads and nails well fastened." For instance, here is a streak of fatalism. A man is drowned: his shipmates with almost stoical resignation will say, "It was to be." To argue with them is in vain. They will tell you of a case in which two men were swept into the sea, one a strong swimmer and the other unable to swim at all, and that it was the swimmer who was drowned, while the man who could not swim a stroke was saved. Then with a look and air of utter submission they will repeat words which to them mean the end of all argument. "What is to be, will be." Or again, there is an example of other-world-

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liness. The strenuous man, if perchance he come their way, wins no admiration. They cannot understand pushfulness and ambition. They view him with ill-disguised pity, while the judgment they pass on him is crystallized in the words, "Too much for this world." And with regard to the social scale, a fisherman-philosopher nicely adjusts it to his own satisfaction as ranging from workingmen to "nobles," explaining, "The workingmen, they are the fishermen; the nobles, they are the lawyers, members, and parsons." Touching the giving of religious experience, I always liked the way an honest miner often ended his fervid words in prayer meeting or class meeting. "These are my present feelings," would be his emphatic declaration as he resumed his seat. The saying suited the man and his utterances, which latter were as fresh and spontaneous as a mountain spring.

A remarkable hardiness, robust vigor of manhood and womanhood, is common among the people of Terra Nova. The tint of health adorns the cheeks of fair maidens, and a splendid fitness in physical make-up causes the eye to linger admiringly on the young men. Longevity is often the reward of their simple outdoor life. A minister from St. John's was taken to see a centenarian, and found him in the act of lifting a sack of potatoes. Greatly surprised, he remarked, "That's a heavy load for you." "Well, sir," replied the rugged centenarian, doffing his hat and scratching his head, "I've just been wondering how it comes about that I can't lift it as easy as

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I used to." Forthwith he raised his load to his shoulders, and staggered off, leaving his interviewers in silent amazement.

The Newfoundlander is an ardent lover of his country. Wherever he may wander, in most instances he seems restless, until sooner or later he returns to his island home.

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### CHAPTER VII

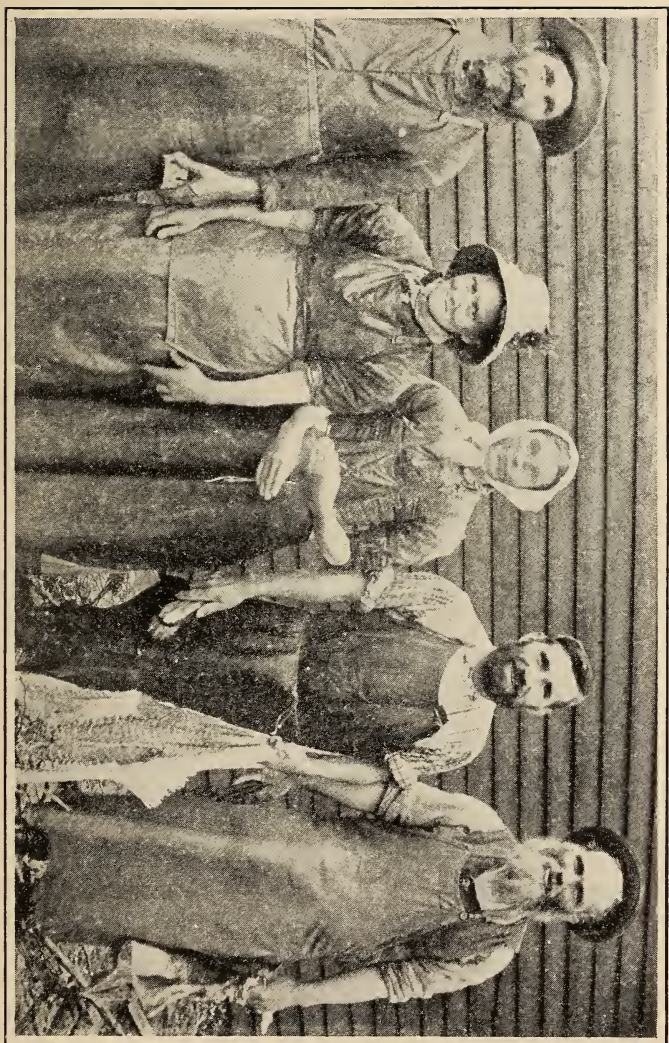
#### SEASONS OF REFRESHING

"Men may die without any opinions, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? I will not quarrel with you about your opinions. Only see that your heart be right with God. I am sick of opinions. Give me good and substantial religion, a humble, gentle love of God and man."—*John Wesley.*

It is useless to argue for or against revivals in religion. True revivals are of God, and "by their fruits ye shall know them." When we hear of "abounding heathenism," "lapsed masses," many "holding a form of godliness, but having denied the power thereof," "worldly Christians and worldly churches," if there be not revival, what, then, will there be?—Death. Cold conventionality and stiff respectability pray not to be disturbed, asking only to be allowed to sleep on; but the breath of the Spirit is the life of the churches and the salvation of the nations.

The work of grace I here recount started at a time and in a way no man looked for. Human agency was little evident, but divine power impressed every mind.

On a certain Sunday, early in my first year in Random South, I preached at Lee Bight, intending to continue my circuit tour next morning. When the day dawned we found that a deep snow had



A CHARACTERISTIC GROUP OF FISH MARKERS (See page 72)



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fallen during the night, and that it was still snowing heavily. Consequently my way was effectually blocked for that day at least, and it was arranged that I should remain and preach in the house of my host. From apostolic times to the present God has often blessed house-preaching. On that memorable evening God poured out his spirit on that little company, and when we parted we could say of a truth that "this one and that one" "was born there," but no one imagined that the Paraclete had started a revival flame that would sweep the entire circuit, and result in the conversion of many precious souls. The young converts from Lee Bight carried the fire to Northern Bight, and from there again it spread to every cove and harbor on the circuit, and to places beyond. Almost every convert sought to win for Jesus his child, his parent, his brother, or sister, or friend. There sprang up immediately a band of noble Christian workers, particularly young men. At Northern Bight for about three weeks all but the most necessary work stopped, and the people devoted themselves to praise and prayer. The church was packed whenever open, always twice on each day. There was no preaching needed. "All hands for Christ," the words of one of our number who was mighty in appeal, struck the right keynote. Though the meeting would last for hours, there was never a break in song or prayer. I remember on one occasion I pronounced the benediction twice, and still found the devout congregation unwilling to disperse. Passing their houses

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at almost any hour of the day, I would hear the cheerful strain of some sweet hymn, and see little groups gathering for prayer. From the lips of children crying "Hosanna" to those of the old man gray and bent with the weight of threescore years and ten, there was heard the voice of thanksgiving. Some who had not been in the house of God for years, repenting of foolish and rash vows, were found frequenting the sanctuary again. Family feuds were healed, and a new spirit of love and zeal filled the churches. As a result, ninety-eight persons were received into the church that year, and there were many besides who witnessed for Jesus as Master. There was a similar work on the adjoining circuit, and revival influences were abroad. Some extravagances and disappointments necessarily appeared, but the resultant good was overwhelmingly great, and with new courage we pressed on.

Let me describe a few incidents and scenes of the revival. A sealing schooner from Northern Bight, destined for the ice fields, was lying in Fox Harbor, the nearest point of anchorage to Trinity Bay and the open sea. The skipper was only waiting for the first of March, the legal day of sailing, to hoist his sails and bear away in search of coveted seals. How often has it happened according to the proverb, "Man proposes: God disposes!" So with the skipper and crew, God ruled otherwise, intending a blessing for them. In all, there were some ten or twelve men of reckless and irreligious

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character in this little vessel. In God's great mercy a wonderful change took place in a short time.

The revival was proceeding at Northern Bight when Abraham Martin, a young man, one of the ship's crew, was sent back for some tools that had been forgotten. Almost immediately he became the subject of saving grace, and from the first the change in his life and character was complete, such as none could dispute. Returning to the ship, he stood for his Master, Christ, like a Christian hero clothed in the panoply of God. His companions, hearing of his conversion, thought they could laugh or mock him out of his religion. The whole crew were at their evening meal, in a house ashore, when he arrived among them. They opened fire upon him at once in cruel banter. He endured it for a while; then, standing, he spoke, in effect: "Mates, you all know I have been a wicked lad. No one has known it as well as myself, and, while pretending to be happy, I have been miserable. When I went back to No'thern Bight, and saw what God had done for many, and heard what he was able and willing to do for me, I said, 'I will give my heart to God;' and now, by God's help, I will live and die for Jesus." That ended their sport. They felt a new respect for their chum, and deep seriousness rested on every one. Nor was that all. God had greater blessings to bestow. Because the ice blocked their way seaward, and continued to do so, with no immediate promise of a change, the skipper ordered

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his men home for the time being. Thus in every step we may see the hand of God. In Northern Bight they were brought under the saving grace of the gospel.

The skipper and all the crew, with the exception of one man, humbled themselves at the cross. I spent a long time with the skipper in prayer and in urging him to pray, but he was silent. "If you cannot say a word, say half a one," was the word spoken at random that reached his heart. He did pray; and O, how he prayed! He rose from his knees praising God; and his next act, though the hour was late, was to seek one who had something against him, and they were reconciled. When they returned to the vessel, prayer meeting and class meeting were instituted; I myself had the pleasure of conducting a prayer meeting in that little cabin. When at last the schooner spread her white wings to catch the breezes that bore her northward, their friends felt great satisfaction in the assurance that the peace and blessing of God went with them. One of the crew said, "Our ship before was a floating hell; now it's a floating Bethel."

At the farther extreme of the circuit, Deer Harbor, to which the revival spread, under the preaching of the Word, a young man was stricken with the convicting Spirit. In thrilling and agonizing tones he cried, "What must I do to be saved?" All left the chapel except two or three praying brethren with myself, and one woman—his widowed mother. Not until he found "peace through believing" did we

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rise from our knees. Then his joy was as great as his anguish had been. We were rejoicing together, when suddenly he espied the little woman in the far corner—his mother. He had not previously been aware of her presence, and he literally sprang toward her, embracing her with the cry of joy, "O, mother, won't we have a happy home now?" There was no dry eye in that little company then; nor was there a little later when we saw the stalwart son and the little woman, she leaning on his arm, her care-worn face lit up with a smile of ineffable thankfulness, together wending their way homeward. Doubtless her heart kept time to the music of the words, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

There were critics and opponents of the revival, as there always are. Let me narrate how one of the strongest of them capitulated, and became a convert, "sitting, in his right mind, at the feet of Jesus." Scene first: I call at this man's house. He immediately introduces the subject of the revival, scornfully denouncing it, and saying that he can prove from Scripture that it is but the sacrifice of fools, quoting Eccl. 5. 1, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools." Strange proof that! Truth to tell, he based his condemnation upon mere report; not actual knowledge. Is not this a common sin of the critic? Scene second: About a fortnight later I visit the same place and conduct a prayer meeting. The congregation is

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composed almost entirely of converts, conspicuous among whom is our friend the critic. Here, indeed, is a wonder—a miracle of grace. Every eye is suffused with tears as he tells of the way God led him; how he was convinced, not by any man's words, but by his own son's conversion. Seeing what grace had done for his own boy, disbelief and antagonism gave place to faith and prayer. Now both father and son were rejoicing in a conscious salvation. We praised God, remembering the saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Abraham Martin, the young man whose "good confession" before his shipmates we have already described, lived a truly Christian life and died early a triumphant death. As I boarded at his father's house, I had opportunity for the closest observation. His life was nurtured by prayer. Often in the middle of the day, when all was quiet, he would leave his work and retire to his room for prayer. Sitting in my study, I could hear his voice in earnest prayer and supplication broken with sobs. He was one of a number early called home to God, whose was "the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," all the fruit of the revival.

"There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;  
With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death;

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The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past;  
The age that in heaven they spend,  
Forever and ever shall last."

With extraordinarily large circuits, stupendous difficulties of travel, and consequently rather infrequent though regular visits of the missionary to the more distant settlements, the wonder may be how the Methodist Church in Newfoundland has won her present position and sustains her work. Early in its history Methodism was providentially led to utilize the gifts and energies of the laity, both men and women, and found in them its arm of strength. This applies particularly to Newfoundland, where, apart from its devoted lay helpers, Methodism could never have attained its present growth.

First in order of usefulness are lay readers, an order not created by act of Conference, but born of the necessities of the hour, and taking the place of the more Methodistic local preacher. Doubtless, as education spreads, out of the lay reader the local preacher will be evolved. In the meantime the people hear the best sermons of Moody and Spurgeon, and are edified. After these come in order class leaders, exhorters, and Sunday school teachers, and these faithful laborers, augmenting the work of the regular ministry, have made for efficiency and success. It is marvelous how rich the church has been in the material out of which workers are made, and how many and how willing are those who spend time and talents in the church's interest. This de-

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lightful feature of Newfoundland Methodism is all the more remarkable, remembering that educational advantages have in the past been so meager.

To illustrate what lay help meant in Newfoundland we may instance Deer Harbor on my first circuit. With sixteen appointments, separated by stormy waters and trackless barrens, a monthly visit was all that was within the region of the possible. There was no other church in Deer Harbor, and none but the Methodist minister preached the gospel there. The people of this place comprised some twenty or thirty families, a community apart, shut in and separated by the wild waters of the bay in front and the dreary land wastes in the rear. Under these circumstances, they would have suffered a system of feast and fast in spiritual diet—feast during the minister's presence, fast during the greater period of his absence—but for earnest helpers in the gospel among the people themselves. There was, first of all, Brother King, a fisherman, who acted as schoolmaster (when there was a school), and to whom the people looked up as "a very larned man." He was also wise and pious. This man stood in the minister's place, reading sermons regularly on Sundays, and, with other like-spirited men and women, keeping all the machinery of the church in full operation.

This order of things was duplicated in every other place on the circuit. From year's end to year's end, the work never ceased. The minister was not the sole prop and stay of the churches, but the overseer

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of many workers. Many of these lay brethren were marvelously gifted in exhortation and prayer. No one could listen to them without magnifying the grace of God, which made humble men and women mighty witnesses for the truth. Need we wonder at the remarkable increase in church membership from 4,829 in 1873 to 11,665 in 1903, which is in thirty years more than a hundred and twenty-five per cent, and this while the increase in the population has been very slight?

The ministers of the church have been gifted and devoted men. They have preached not only in the towns and settlements, but in love for souls have reached out to distant Labrador,<sup>1</sup> the remotest habitations and the islands lying off the coast; but without the aid of consecrated lay workers, and a polity of which Methodists are justly proud, much of their labor would have been lost. As it is, in Terra Nova Methodism lives and grows, having found the way to the hearts of the people whose lives of loneliness and deprivation make them more than ordinarily appreciative of the means of grace.

<sup>1</sup> The Methodist Conference of Newfoundland sustains on Labrador two missionaries, at Hamilton Inlet and Red Bay; and sends besides, during the summer months, a young man to minister to the fishing fleet.

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### CHAPTER VIII

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

"Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden."  
—*Longfellow.*

IN traveling in out-of-the-way places, one often comes across queer people and queer ideas. Many a hearty laugh I have enjoyed at the expense of my unconsciously amusing friends. The following are a few examples out of many a humorous situation:

Innocently mentioning the subject of confederation to a man, he rose in an angry way and said: "If the Canadians come down here to take our country I'll get down my 'swiling gun,' and we'll go out and meet 'em."

"Why?" I asked, in a pacific tone.

"Because they will tax every pane of glass, and make us all go as soldiers."

Doubtless before the last link is welded to the chain that will round off the confederation of British possessions in North America, such as he will have to be taken into account.

Shortly after the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament Scriptures, when the event was exciting the keenest interest throughout the civilized world, I found myself explaining to a

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friend at considerable length, and with some enthusiasm, the merits of the new version. My auditor listened in dead silence until I finished, when, with an air of supreme wisdom, he staggered me by saying: "O, it's nothing but another dodge of the government to get money out of the poor man." That was a pronouncement admitting of no reply. So we waste our eloquence when we sail over people's heads.

A Halifax book agent whom I came across one day told me an experience of his that sent me on my way laughing. Among the good and wholesome books he carried was a cookery book. In the towns and the more populous places he found a ready sale for it, but in the smaller and more isolated settlements he could make no sales. The fisherwives to whom he presented the book and dilated upon its merits were much offended, and one with warmth of wounded pride asked him, "Have you come all the way from Halifax thinking we don't know how to cook?" My friend naively admitted the "soft impeachment," and parried the question by his good humor. A woman's tears sometimes are her best defense, a man's is often a good-natured laugh.

Most Newfoundland fishermen have lugubrious stories to tell of the "spirits" they have seen. Their habit of attributing anything out of the ordinary to ghostly influences proved fearfully disastrous in one case I remember. In the fall of the year, one stormy night, also dark and cold, a small schooner was capsized by a fierce and sudden squall in North-

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west Arm Random. There were women as well as men on board, and most of them succeeded in holding on to the upturned boat. For several hours, probably, they clung to the boat, and their cries were heard ashore. But, sad to say, those who heard them imagined them to be the voices of spirits, according to the superstition that near the place where a man had been drowned voices would often be heard in the night. The unfortunate people must have held on until the cold compelled them to release their grasp, and then one by one sank to rise no more. In the morning the hull of the upturned vessel, lying off the shore, mutely told its sorrowful tale, and brought heart-breaking grief to people whose fault was not lack of courage or kindness of heart, but weak and childish superstition.

One frequently met in Newfoundland characters worthy of the ablest pen. My mind reverts to an old man of an original type. He knew nothing about the three R's—reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic—and yet, by natural ability, he raised himself and a large family to a position of comfort. Independent of the knowledge of the schools, he had his own way of reckoning, and could manage a business or build a vessel with any man in those parts. He was self-contained on religion, as on other subjects; but that he had a kind heart and the manliness that owns a fault the following story will show. It was an incident of his seal-hunting days which one day, when more communicative than usual, he narrated to me. The fine old man spoke with trembling emo-

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tion, for it pained him to recall a regrettable act. He said:

"One spring, at the ice, our craft ran short of grub. We got down so low that starvation looked us in the face. I had in my pocket one biscuit, which I was hiding away against the worst, when a half-famished comrade came to me, and begged me for the love of God to give him a bit of biscuit. But," continued the old man as the tears stood in his eyes, "I sent the poor fellow away with a denial, saying, 'I haven't got any.' What a punishment I got! Would you believe it, sir? About half an hour later he came looking for me with joy shining in his face. I saw at a glance the reason of his gladness—he held a biscuit in his hand. About the rest of it I was stupid, and did not see why he came back to me, until, breaking the biscuit in two, he offered me half. He came eagerly, noble fellow, to share his bread and his joy with me. It was more than I could bear, and I was glad to get away. He did not know that all the time, even when I refused him, I had been hiding a biscuit in my pocket, but I knew it, and I despised myself. He heaped coals of fire on my head—that he did, sir."

As I listened I felt that in a heart like his, so disgusted with a meanness on his own part, so generously cherishing in memory the magnanimity of another, there could be no seated wrong, though there had been fault of which he confessed his shame. Alas! the memories of unworthy deeds—we all know something about them! How those

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memories haunt us like grim specters from the land of shadows and death!

In the summer of 1882 I had a pleasant trip visiting most of the little towns in Conception Bay, also St. John's. Again the summer of 1883 afforded me an enjoyable change in the more populous and progressive parts of the colony; but the early autumn of this year found me far away, in a Canadian province, amid the solemnities of college halls, with learned professors and boisterous students. Contrast, indeed!

We cannot, however, leave Random so abruptly as this. Having described fully my entrance upon this mission, I feel inclined to pen a few words about my departure. I do this all the more gladly as, in contrast to my coming in, my going out was characterized by happy incident and circumstance.

It was the month of June when I took ship from Shoal Harbor. The weather was beautifully fine. The view from the schooner's deck, as she slowly made her way through the placid waters of the Northwest Arm, was glorious. We anchored for the night off the thickly wooded shore. The night was superb, and instead of "turning in" with the rest I continued to walk the deck. There rested on me the charm and solace of the lovely starlit night smiling upon the bosom of waters heaving so softly as to delude one into believing they had never known commotion and unrest. What in the world is so deceiving as the sea in a summer calm? The

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moment the first streak of dawn became visible in the sky, a bird in the adjoining wood began to sing. This sweet herald of coming day was immediately joined by more and yet more, each apparently vying with the other in a jubilant song of praise. Thus

"The winged choristers began  
To chirp their matins."

Ere daylight had fully come the whole wood was vocal, and I listened enrapt to as grand an oratorio as mortal ever hears, and all from the throats of feathered songsters, nature's musicians. So jubilant and happy seemed nature as we weighed anchor and sailed away.

## THE SKIPPER PARSON

### CHAPTER IX

#### WESLEYVILLE

"Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine  
Along the low, black shore!  
Where, like snow, the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead."—*Whittier*.

BACK again, after two years, to Terra Nova and the work I love the best; back again, but to new scenes, people, experiences, failures, and triumphs.

"Wesleyville!" When I found my name standing for Wesleyville, I naturally began to inquire something about the place. The very name is redolent of happy thoughts and memories of that great man whose character and career is full of inspiration to all preachers. My inquiries elicited little information beyond a summary of curtly expressed facts.

"It is situated in Bonavista Bay; is a progressive place, and strong Methodistically." I was also told, "As a separate circuit, its career has been only for the brief space of one year." All this I found to be true, but, as always, it was only actual contact with the place and people that gave me knowledge of the real Wesleyville.

I reached it so easily and pleasantly in the coastal



TRINITY (See page 154)



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steamer that I find nothing worthy of record about my trip. The steamer landed me at the island of Greenspond, and a ferry conveyed me to the mainland and the scene of my future labors.

About twenty years prior to this the people on this shore, being insufficiently supplied with divine ordinances, were fast lapsing into sin and irreligion, and when a Methodist preacher arrived with his evangel of the love of God he found hearts as well as ears open to his message. The result is that the Methodist Church has the shepherding to-day of the great majority of people along the shore; and that is why, I suppose, when this place, now the headquarters of a new circuit, wanted a name, it was christened "Wesleyville."

The pioneers on the field were the Revs. John S. Allen and Joseph Todhunter. Success on a large scale did not at once attend their labors, and not until the fires of persecution had prepared the way. The story is told in the History of Methodism in Eastern British America, by the Rev. T. Watson Smith, D.D.: "On an evening in February, 1863, when young Todhunter and four young friends were on their way from a service at an island lying three miles distant from Greenspond, they were met on the ice by a mob of sixty men, by whom they were severely beaten, and driven toward an opening in the ice, which they narrowly avoided. The heaviest share of the blows fell on the head and back of the young preacher, whose nervous system received so severe a shock that he was soon obliged to return

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to England, where for years he remained unequal to the full work of the ministry."

From the people themselves I have often heard this incident as they pointed out the island referred to, and I have also heard them tell with glowing faces of the spiritual harvests reaped by Todhunter's successors.

Wesleyville and the entire shore covered by the circuit, a distance of about thirty miles from end to end, supported a considerable population, devoted to the fishery in its different branches, particularly cod, seal, and lobster. The blessing of Moses upon Zebulun and Issachar seems to have descended to these people:

"For they shall suck the abundance of the seas,  
And the hidden treasures of the sand."

They were a bold, dashing, energetic race, the people on this shore, as fine as the country reared. Their triumphant dominance of the sea and their ability and courage in reaping its harvests were attested by their fine houses and equally fine vessels. This was the home of a number of sealing captains whose names were known all over Newfoundland.

The circuit stretched along a low, barren shore. Here we preached in churches and schoolhouses, or school-chapels; there was no house preaching. There were five appointments at moderate distances, the farthest being eighteen miles away. Traveling was wholly, or almost wholly, done on foot. There were two hundred and twenty-six members, and

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altogether one thousand three hundred persons under the missionary's spiritual oversight. Everything was much more advanced than on my former circuit. Fine mail steamers visited Greenspond fortnightly, and the telegraph office supplied a daily budget of the world's news.

My first experience at Wesleyville was a hard test to faith and patience. When I arrived in July I found that all the men, excepting, of course, the aged or the decrepit, and all the boys, as well as many of the maidens, were away on Labrador; and that the women and the old men, who had the care not only of the homes but of the gardens, were usually busy without or within doors from sunrise to sunset. During that long summer I was necessarily left pretty much to my own resources. How tired to heartsickness I grew of everything! This world, beautiful as it is, requires the music of the human voice to give it charm. How I longed for human beings, crowds of them, with their noise and bustle! China, with its teeming millions, would at that time have been a happy exchange. I felt very keenly my lonely situation, with the absence of calls and claims to which I was ordinarily accustomed. Ever since, when tempted to complain of hard work, or of too much work, the remembrance of that long and silent summer has effectually checked the rising murmur. Glad was I when returning schooners brought busier scenes and many demands. "Work is the holiest thing in earth or heaven." I invite my reader to accompany me on my first circuit itinerary:

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Sunday, July 12, 1885. This evening I open my commission by preaching my first sermon in Wesleyville. The church—I believe a schoolhouse enlarged—is the queerest little building imaginable. Its outward appearance is so small that no one would imagine that within three hundred people could find sitting room. When full, as it usually is after September, the scene must be a strange one. The pews are close together, and there is a gallery all around. The heads of the people in the gallery as they stand to sing nearly reach the roof; and the minister standing in the pulpit by stretching out his arms can almost touch the gallery on either side. Days are spent in opening my trunks and setting things “to rights,” and then another Sunday in Wesleyville.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth, we set off on our cruise. The morning is fine. We have not the friendly aid of a horse—a great desideratum, but not to be enjoyed by us here. Having confidence in our pedestrian qualities we start quite cheerily. Our equipment is simple enough—a small satchel, or handbag, a light overcoat, and a stout stick. The earth is soft and spongy, making walking somewhat laborious. Skirting the road to the right is the ever restless and beautiful sea—some islands here, a sail yonder, and a steamer, known by her smoke, in the distant horizon. The general tameness of the prospect is broken here and there by ponds and brooks, banked by high rocks and hardy trees whose roots find mother earth through cracks

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and crevices. A rich profusion of wild flowers and an abundance of wild berries are pleasing features. We see immense rocks, embedded in the earth, lying in all variety of positions, as if borne by some awful force of nature, and the reflection is prompted that in the distant past the shore was swept by the waters of the sea. We pass a few graves, marked by a mound or plain wooden fencing, pathetic in their poverty and loneliness. A mile and a half's walk brings us to Pound Cove. We visit three or four families, reading and praying with each, and then continue our journey.

The next group of houses is a mile or two farther, and is known as Fox Cove. We call at the first house, and witness a remarkable case of affliction, a man and his wife who have both been sick and bedridden for many years. They are supported by kind friends and relatives, and are perfectly resigned and cheerful. We were reminded of Brother Kean, whom we had seen in Norton's Cove, adjoining Wesleyville, who had not been out of bed for fifteen and a half years, and yet was always happy. His affliction was the result of privation and exposure on the ice fields. Such as these are worthy to be called monuments of the grace of God. At the next house we are glad to make a humble meal of tea, bread, and fish. We visit a few more houses and press on to Inner Islands, where we purpose spending Sunday. In order to reach it we have to cross two sheets of water, both narrow. There are a number of small islands here in close proximity.

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Mrs. Barber receives us most kindly, and her husband is a good second in genial hospitality, soon showing his gift of pawky humor, which brightens things up wonderfully. This worthy old couple have their sons around them, occupying large, well-built houses like their own.

Saturday. The day was spent in visiting from house to house. A little boy was drowned here to-day. It is pitiable to see the parents lamenting over their dead child.

Sunday. I preach three times in the little school-chapel.

Monday. I walk about six miles to Cape Island. The impression first made, confirmed by all we see, is that the people here live very poor and hard lives. The place is full of dogs, savage brutes some of them. My host is evidently possessed of a warm heart. His rugged physique and brusque, broken speech recall the bowlders on the shores of his native land. Like most of his countrymen, he is all alive for news, ready any hour for a "talk." The little, roughly built church in which I preach to a crowded congregation stands on the rocks at the northerly extremity of the island, so that while worshipping we hear the waves dashing around us. Looking above uncongenial surroundings, I try to do my duty both in preaching and visiting the people.

Tuesday. Early this morning a man came for me in a boat to return to Pound Cove to bury a woman. At the funeral there were gathered some thirty or forty persons, and I preached in the open

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air on "What is your life?" By nightfall we reached Cape Cove, about a mile north of Cape Island, having walked about six miles. Cape Cove is the harbor, though an unsafe one, of which Cape Freels is the bold headland. We are told that this is the roughest part of Newfoundland's stormy coast; that sometimes it appears as if the whole Atlantic were rolling in. As soon as our eyes fall on Mrs. Hann, who welcomes us to her home with winning courtesy, we know her to be "a mother in Israel" indeed. In less than half an hour we are sitting in the little parlor with an inviting meal spread before us. They are poor people, but make up in kindness what they lack in wealth.

I preach in the evening to a congregation of about a dozen, all women, the men not having returned from "the fishing grounds." A nice, clean, comfortable bed is allotted to me in a little attic, and I realize that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

Wednesday. There lies before us an eight-mile tramp to Seal Cove. The scenery is quite changed. Here in Cape Cove is a fine sandy beach; yonder is waving grass; the earth no longer reminds us of the marsh in its springiness, but is hard beneath our feet. There is no cut road, and we make our way across the highlands overlooking the wide expanse of sea. We stop to eat the delicious berry called the "bakeapple," growing in such abundance at our feet, or to admire the enchanting seaview. We stand a moment to enjoy a new prospect as it opens up, or some wonderful formation among the rocks.

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But here is something which completely absorbs our attention, throwing us at once into a reverie—the keel and gaping ribs of a once gallant ship, still firmly wedged between the rocks where she met a cruel doom, battered still by the pitiless waves, plainly never to be satisfied until they have triumphantly destroyed even these poor relics of an honorable past. This is a spectacle almost human in its pathos. What a tale those weather-beaten timbers could unfold, of a proud builder, of sanguine owners, of brave commanders, and of gallant crews, of rich cargoes, and, at last, loss, ruin, and—who knows?—perhaps even death. This is a lonely shore; not a house, not a living thing.

The time speeds away and we grow weary and hungry. A bit of good fortune now falls to our lot. Here is a fishing boat along shore; we hail it. The men are bound our way and bid us take passage with them, and welcome. An hour's sail and we reach Cat Harbor, where we are welcomed by a good woman to a nicely served lunch of bread and butter, tea, boiled eggs, and preserved gooseberries.

We brace ourselves for the last hour and a half's walk, which brings us to Seal Cove, where I preach that evening.

We make our home with George Parsons. He and his brother Richard are two noble-minded men, pious and earnest in spirit. The minister visits this place but once in six weeks; they maintain the cause in his absence, and the work prospers. A fire has recently destroyed a dwelling-house here in which

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a child was burned to death. There was nothing to mark the fatal spot except some embers and half-burned timbers. It was my sad duty to comfort the bereaved and unfortunate parents. The poor mother I found almost heartbroken. They are living in a temporary home, a sort of shed. Sympathetic friends and neighbors are not slow to help.

Thursday. Visitation, study, and preaching make a full day.

Friday. We walk all the way to Wesleyville, a distance of eighteen miles, and so ends our first itinerary of the mission.

During the week we traveled fully fifty miles, preached nine times, and visited a large number of homes.

In the winter the trip to Seal Cove was hard in the extreme. Yet I do not remember it was ever omitted for any cause. Every third week I went as far as Cape Cove; and every sixth week made the entire round.

Such was Wesleyville Circuit as I knew it and worked it for three years.

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### CHAPTER X

#### THE SEAL FISHERY

"Man bends the ocean monsters to his sway;  
No terrors daunt him on his arduous way;  
Through frozen waters, or in sunlit waves,  
He seeks the seal, unnumbered hardships braves  
To gain a prize so rich in useful store."

THE seal fishery was practically new to me, and I found it full of enthralling interest.

The employment of steamers in the seal fisheries is of recent date. Previous to their introduction sailing vessels had the wide seas to themselves. Being handicapped in competing with steam, the schooner was allowed to sail on the first of March, which meant ten days' grace. Even so, the steamer had almost driven the schooner from the sea.

Some four or five steamers made our neighborhood their recruiting-ground and starting-point, and came to their anchorage prior to Christmas. Each steamer, besides its own navigating captain and crew, carried a sealing captain and from one hundred and fifty to three hundred of a sealing crew. Several steamers yearly crossed the Atlantic from Dundee, Scotland, for a Newfoundland sealing expedition. The young manhood for miles around was drawn upon to give each of the steamers its complement. By the beginning of March—the

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tenth is the day of departure—there is a great stir in our midst.<sup>1</sup> Men come from all directions, each carrying his “kit” on his back, to join their respective ships. The industry of wives and mothers is seen in the numerous patches on the garments of husbands and sons. Each man is armed with a gaff, a pole six or seven feet long, having at one end an iron hook, and bound with iron. The gaff is indispensable, both as a weapon and a tool. With it the sealer kills his prey. A blow upon the nose, the most vulnerable point, is the usual coup de grace to the young seal. This useful instrument also serves as an ice pole, enabling the daring sealer, amid the dangers of floating ice, to leap from “pan to pan.” The old seal is not so easily disposed of, and is generally shot, as are also all out of reach of the sealer’s gaff; hence a gun is a necessary part of the equipment for at least a portion of the crew. The cry of the young seal is described as very pathetic, resembling that of a human infant in pain; and its effect is such on the novice that, as he advances to strike, for a moment he is well-nigh unnerved. The old male seal is a formidable foe at close quarters, and sealers have their stories of hard-fought battles with him. Many are the exciting adventures told, and the young men of Newfoundland hail the day when they sail for the ice fields.

There are four species of seals frequenting the

<sup>1</sup> Recent legislation has changed the date of sailing from March 10 to March 13, but sealing captains are advocating a return to the old rule.

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waters of Labrador and Newfoundland, known as the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The harp is the seal most valuable commercially. Its name is derived from a figure on its back somewhat resembling a harp. The hood is the largest seal and the most dangerous to encounter. The male, called by sealers "the dog-hood," chivalrously attends and defends his female. The experienced "swile-hunter" always aims to kill him first. If the female by ignorance or mischance is first despatched, look out! Then her mate becomes an ugly customer to handle. Infuriated, he inflates his hood—a singular bag of flesh on the nose—so as to cover his face and eyes. With this shield it is impossible to kill him, even with a sealing-gun, unless you can shoot him a little behind, so that the ball will strike him in the neck or base of the skull.

"It is related that on one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of hoods, and imprudently killed the female. The dog immediately inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs until nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened both. As a last desperate resource one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood ready for the emergency. Drawing his jackknife, the hunter rushed on the dog, and struck a well-planted blow into the inflated hood. Instantly the air escaped, the shield was rendered useless, and a blow or two on the nose from the gaff of the other despatched him."

Hatton and Harvey describe the aim of the sealer

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thus. "The young seals are born on the ice from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of February, and as they grow rapidly and yield a much finer oil than the older ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, while yet fed by their mother's milk, and while they are powerless to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk that by the twentieth of March they are in perfect condition. By the first of April they begin to take to the water, and can no longer be captured in the ordinary way. The great arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland and from Baffin's and Hudson's bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland, to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Somewhere amid these floating masses the seals have brought forth their young, which remain on the ice, during the first period of their growth, for five or six weeks. The great aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of 'white-coats,' as the young harp seals are called, during this period. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time."

There was interest, even excitement, in our midst on the departure of so many men, arising from the fact that they were going on an expedition of danger and exploit. In a faint way it suggested the embarkation of soldiers for foreign service. Many of the men were Christians in the fellowship of the church; and knowing that the perils to be met threatened the soul even more than the body, we endeav-

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ored to fortify them against spiritual foes and dangers by our prayers and exhortations, also by such practical means as supplying every man with religious books and papers. We also gave them a good send-off. "The seal-hunting sermon," as it was called, was an institution, being a discourse specially adapted to the men and the hour, preached the Sabbath before sailing. On such occasions the church was always crowded to its utmost capacity. Hymn, Scripture, prayer, and sermon all pointed the same way, enjoining fidelity to Christ. Sabbath desecration and bad example generally, like breakers ahead, threatened them, and against these temptations they were always lovingly, faithfully warned. Vows were renewed with God, tearful farewells were taken, sermon, hymn, and prayer ended, and the stern battle began. The sealing voyage was a terrible ordeal for the Christian, as he was necessarily thrown in contact with many irreligious men, and compelled to see the Lord's Day openly profaned; but through it all hundreds of men year after year remained loyal to Christ. They preferred to hold "faith and a good conscience" to silver and gold. I have known men to refuse promotion, which meant better pay and more comfort, choosing to remain common "silers" and enjoy the exercise of individual liberty.

The conventional Christian, living in ease and comfort, denying himself little or nothing, fails to develop nobility of character. The men and women who follow Christ, come calm, come storm, grow in his image. The element of suffering in a more

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than usual degree enters into the lives of our Newfoundland brethren, and amid pain and privation there is often seen a fervor and fidelity in Christ's service which is altogether beautiful.

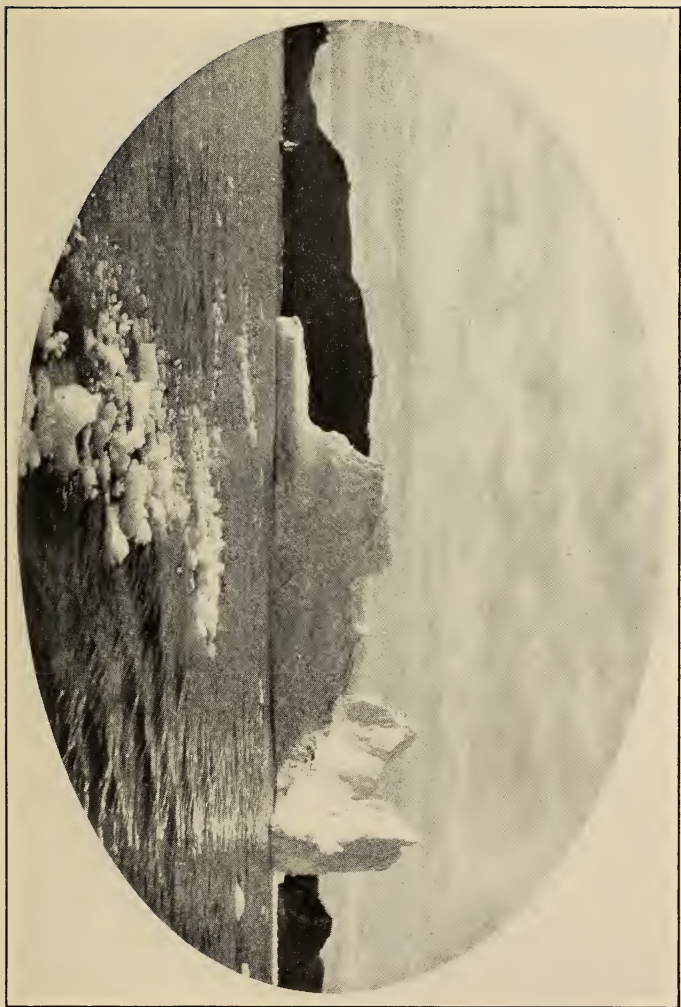
Think of a few of the "unnumbered hardships" of our friend the Newfoundland seal-hunter. Rough berths are constructed in the forecastle and the other parts of the steamer for his accommodation. This is the state of things on leaving port; but at the ice when seals are plentiful, and every inch of space is required to stow them away, the men are ousted from their berths and must make shift for themselves. In such a situation the elementary virtue of cleanliness is impossible. If a man puts on a clean shirt he puts it over an old one. Their bill of fare is rough and plain. When they fall in with seals they cook the heart, liver, flippers, and other parts, and feast thereon *ad libitum*. Hurricanes, icebergs, and blinding snowstorms are some of the stern foes they have to meet. The treachery of the ice is a constant danger. Whole nights are sometimes spent on the ice fields, and when a fog arises suddenly there is the awful risk that the man may not find the steamer, or the steamer the man.

A godly man in our church at Wesleyville told me the thrilling story of his adventure on the ice, with its happy outcome from a spiritual point of view. The trial was bitter, but from it he dated his conversion. Out following the seal, one day he found himself adrift. It was a crisis and an awful one. Unnoticed, beyond recall, cut off from his

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now distant mates by dark, rolling waves, he gave himself up for lost. Far worse than the pain of death, a few hours' misery at the most, was the fear of perishing eternally which now took possession of him, for he had been "a resolute man," to use the vernacular for one boldly and defiantly wicked. Contrary to his expectations, on the steamer he was missed, and when searched for he was found and rescued. This did not happen, however, before the bit of floating ice had been transformed into a mercy seat, and the angels in heaven rejoiced that a sinner had turned in penitence unto God. His exposure broke forever a strong constitution. He was never the same, physically, but a mere wreck of his former self. He was tall, and must have been a handsome man prior to his adventure; as I knew him, he was paralyzed in his right arm and side, and unfitted for work.

I have already referred to another, invalidated for life through hardship and exposure, and there were not a few in the same case. To see fine men prematurely and hopelessly disabled was one of the hardest things of a missionary's life here. The alleviating and redeeming feature was their religion. They lived to "witness a good confession," and accomplished more good in weakness and infirmity than in all their previous life; and the road they henceforth walked was the narrow way that leads unto "eternal life." From heaven's viewpoint, it may be, we should rather envy than pity such as these.



ICEBERG



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The Rev. Mr. Noble relates an appalling and surprising instance of wreck and rescue upon a sea of ice:

"Captain Knight, the commander of a fine brig with a costly outfit for a sealing voyage, lost his vessel near Cape Bonavista, in 1862. Immersed in the densest fog, and driven by the gale, he was running down a narrow lane or opening in the ice, when the shout of 'breakers ahead!' and the crash of the bows on a reef came in the same moment. Instantly overboard they sprang, forty men of them, and saw their beautiful vessel almost immediately buried in the ocean. There they stood on the heaving field of ice, gazing in mournful silence upon the great black billows as they rolled on, one after another bursting in thunder on the sunken cliffs, a tremendous display of surf where the brig had disappeared. To the west were the precipitous shores of Cape Bonavista, lashed by the surge, and the dizzy roost of wild sea birds. For this, the nearest land, in single file, with Captain Knight at their head, they commenced, at sunset, their dreadful and almost hopeless march. All night, without refreshment or rest, they went stumbling and plunging on their perilous way, now and then sinking into the slush between the ice cakes, and having to be drawn out by their companions. But for their leader and a few bold spirits, the party would have sunk down and perished. At daybreak they were still on the rolling ice fields, beclouded with fog, and with no prospect but the terrible Cape and its soli-

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tary chance of escape. Thirsty, famished, and worn down, they toiled on all the morning and afternoon, more and more slowly, bewildered and lost in the dreadful cloud, traveling along parallel with the coast, and passing the Cape without knowing it at the time. But for some remarkable interposition of Divine Providence the approaching sunset would have been their last; only the most determined would have continued the march into the next night; the wornout and hapless ones would drop down singly, or gather into little groups on the cold ice and die. They had shouted until they were hoarse and looked into the endless gray cloud until they lost heart, when, wonderful to relate, just before sunset they came to a vessel. A few steps to the right or to the left and they would have missed it, and inevitably perished."

The scene at the ice fields is one of the most wondrous and sublime that nature anywhere unfolds. Let the imagination picture it. The eye has before it a vast stretch of glittering ice, rough and broken, returning the glare of the sun. Here and there towers in solemn majesty a great iceberg. But even more is the charm of the scene felt beneath the pale moonlight and the quiet shining of the stars. A weird and bewitching beauty is added when the *aurora borealis* illumines the northern sky, always tremulous and changing—

"The borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place."

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By rare magic of words, Coleridge paints for us the awfulness of an arctic scene :

“And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold;  
And ice, mast high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy cliffs  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound.”

The return to port is also a time of general excitement. When fortune smiles upon our hardy sealers, a steamer will often return after a two or three weeks' trip laden to the gunwale with as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, worth from two and a half to three dollars apiece. Fortune, however, does not always smile. Not infrequently a steamer is absent seven or eight weeks, and, after buffetings on the icy seas, and weary watching and straining of eyes, does not bring to port more than enough seals to pay expenses; in which case, the hapless sealer, a poor man, does not bring a dollar or a dollar's worth home with him. I well remember the return of a sealing steamer to Wesleyville, not with seals—they had already been landed in Harbor Grace—but with her home-coming crew. As she neared the wharf, I was puzzled what to make of the men who

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swarmed the deck. What transformation was this! Did they not go away clean and decent? But look at them now; their faces are as black as the steamer's funnel. The truth is they had not washed during their absence. The luxury of soap and water does not belong to a sealing steamer, at least for those who take their chances as common "silers." What work for the women folk! What cleaning and mending! In other respects the men looked none the worse for the wear and tear of the voyage. They had certainly not suffered in flesh, but were, as remarked by their friends, "as fat as porpoises."

It was a melancholy sight when they came ashore and were greeted by their loved ones. The voyage had been a failure; the men had hardly earned enough to pay for their "crop," or outfit, and had nothing coming to them. One scene I shall never forget. A great strapping fellow jumped from the steamer's deck to the wharf, and immediately on speaking with his friends burst into tears, sobbing like a child. On learning the cause of his grief I was not at all surprised at its intensity. He had come home empty-handed to a wife and twelve children and a poor old blind mother, and had just heard they had consumed the last handful of flour. What a home-coming was that! The picturesque and adventurous alone are usually given in descriptions of seal-hunting, but here is a touch of real life.

The seal fisheries of Newfoundland are to be classed among those known as the "hair-seal fisheries," and are not to be confounded with the "fur-

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seal fisheries," which give us the furs so prized for ladies' jackets, etc. The skin of the seal taken in Newfoundland waters is converted into boots and shoes, harness, portmanteaus, etc. The blubber is valuable for the oil extracted from it, used largely in lighthouses and mines, and for machinery generally. The average annual value of the Newfoundland seal fishery is about \$1,100,000, and from 8,000 to 10,000 men find employment by means of this industry.

"Considering all the perils, it is surprising how few fatal disasters occur. During the seal hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel called the Huntsman on the coast of Labrador. In the same year two steamers, the Bloodhound and Retriever, were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbor, on Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships. Another steamer, called the Monticello, also sank, in consequence of injuries received from the ice, but her crew were all saved." No great disaster occurred to any of the steamers leaving the neighborhood of Wesleyville during my time, but captains have recounted to me imminent dangers into which they blindly ran, and wonderful escapes from the jaws of death.

The shore from Greenspond to Cape Freels greatly benefits by this valuable industry.

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### CHAPTER XI

#### OTHER PEREGRINATIONS AND PERILS

"The keener tempests come: and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capacious womb  
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathering storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. . . ."—*Thomson*.

IN my peregrinations on this mission I became skilled in the use of the snowshoe, which bothered me so much at first. Occasionally I have walked on snowshoes for fifteen miles at a stretch, thoroughly enjoying the exercise.

Here is a scene from memory's tablet: The snow newly fallen, not as yet marked by foot of man or beast, lies as a carpet before us; and in wondrous contrast, yet perfect harmony, the clear sky of heaven, as blue as the finger of God can paint it, hangs as a curtain above us, only a few fleecy clouds floating on its placid surface. The light of a glorious sun adds brightness and sparkle to the perfect whiteness of the snow; the morning air is of that quality that stimulates the nerves and paints the cheek. Snowshoes on our feet, knapsack on our back, and stick in hand, we set out, a merry pair.

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But, alas! Storms come on suddenly, and the soft-falling, deceitful snow has made a winding sheet for many a poor waylaid traveler.

Lost in a snowstorm—this was once my fate. I was returning from Cat Harbor. The snow lay thick on the ground, but both my guide and myself being equipped with snowshoes, we took the shorter course across “the barrens.” It was mainly because of the route chosen that I had a guide at all. Anticipating no danger, my guide confident and I confiding, neither of us thought of carrying a compass.

We left in the early morning, when everything was fair and favorable. About ten o'clock snow began to fall lightly, and increasing gradually, developed at last into a great storm. The snow fell thick and fast, the wind rising meanwhile. Out on the unprotected, treeless, snow-covered wastes, we received the full fury of the tempest. My guide's strong assurance of his ability to find the way out—he knew the lay of the land, he affirmed, naming certain ponds and rocks as landmarks—disarmed me of doubt and fear, and we pushed on cheerily.

The storm grew wilder, beating upon us in blinding force. We urged our way on and on, in spite of it, our courage never flagging, even though our limbs grew weary. We had reckoned on being at a friend's house in Fox Cove at an hour long past. The landmarks in which my friend trusted either did not appear or he had failed to recognize them. But the real seriousness of our position burst upon me in a moment in the sudden failure of my guide,

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who, confident until now, confessed, with agitation unto tears, that he was bewildered and had no idea of our whereabouts. "We will perish in the snow," he moaned. The plain English of it was, *we were lost!*

A nice pass this! For two hours, at least, we had been walking in a circle. My man was a picture to behold. He looked as though he had only two courses before him, both leading to the same end, death; either to lie down and give it all up at once, or to wander on aimlessly until he fell to rise no more. He was a painful instance of complete mental collapse, the result of fear. It is good for a man to know the worst, and I was now fully awake to it. I saw it was my turn now to be "guide," and, as I found, master, too, for my man was as helpless as a child, and I had as much as I could do to keep him in hand. I began to beat about in thought for some cue to help us. The snow and wind seemed to have a mystifying effect. What straw was there for us to grasp? Then I remembered that in our desultory wanderings we had crossed and recrossed a track. Just as I was thinking about it, like a little gleam of light in the darkness we came upon it again. Here was the drowning man's plank and we clutched it. I resolved to stick to it for dear life. It was quickly being obliterated by the snow; would vanish ere long, and it seemed to say, "I can save you, but act promptly." I walked in the track, but it was with great difficulty I got my companion to follow. Ere long we came to a wood pile, not

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far from the edge of the woods. This was a pleasant surprise. To use a common but expressive phrase, "I now saw daylight." This was a "slide-path" used for hauling firewood, and had doubtless been so used in the early part of this very day. We had nothing to do now but to turn right-about face, and to follow the path in the opposite direction, with all the haste possible. But my companion seemed to take a strong fancy for the woods, and made in that direction, like a storm-tossed mariner allured by a false light. I was compelled to seize him by the coat collar and brandish my stick over his head with many loud and threatening words before I got him to walk in the path ahead of me. It was now a race, between us and the snow, which would be first—the snow in burying the path, or we poor travelers in getting out before it was lost to sight. Thank God, we won! In unexpected gladness, we almost stumbled into the very door of Mark Garrett's cottage in Fox Cove. We were saved.

In this hospitable home we found the rest and the refreshment we needed. My companion soon recovered himself; with the exception of being badly frost-bitten about the face, he was all right next day. Mark, our host, was an Englishman whom an adventurous spirit had brought to Terra Nova in boyhood, never to return to his native land. He was one of those men, occasionally met, who strike us as worthy of a better lot, planned by nature for nobler things than they have realized.

Night found me in my lodgings, my bachelor

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quarters, where, surrounded by my much-loved books, and a fortnight's mail, I enjoyed a feast of soul far into the night. "A letter from home"—why, here are half a dozen of them, and papers, too; old friends: City News, Recorder, Times—O, the magic of them all! What transportation of soul! What forgetfulness of snowstorms and the like! Remember the far-off one, the lone one, and write him, and he will bless you with a thousand blessings.

During the coldest part of winter in Newfoundland the harbors, coves, creeks, and sometimes even the bays are frozen over and the ice becomes the great thoroughfare, but a dangerous one. Should the ice break under the foot of the lonely traveler, or should he unsuspectingly step into a treacherous place, the extremity of his danger cannot be exaggerated. He will make a brave and desperate effort to save himself, but the current is too strong, and bears him under the ice to doom; or he holds on to the edge of the ice as for dear life, but the cold soon compels his frozen hands to release their grasp, and he sinks to rise no more. If he escapes, it is little short of a miracle. Accidents of this kind are of frequent occurrence every winter, by which some have narrow escapes, and some come to an untimely end. Travelers on the ice, especially when danger is apprehended, go in companies, carrying ropes and long poles of the style of the sealer's "gaff." In this way they are enabled, in case of need, to render prompt assistance, usually effective, and when thus prepared, it is marvelous what dangers and diffi-

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culties they surmount, what precarious and uncertain "footing" they venture to make, smiling at danger.

And now to my little adventure: I had been visiting a sealing steamer, anchored off Poole's Island, and was returning to the mainland. A friend accompanied me as far as he thought necessary, and, bidding good-bye, said, "Now you are quite safe; go straight ahead." Thrown off my guard, and unmindful of my steps, like the careless Christian who does not "watch and pray," I soon came to grief. All unknowingly, with fearful suddenness, I walked right into a place where the ice was soft as pulp—"slob," as Newfoundlanders call it. There was no friend near, no human being within sight; only that Eye was upon me that never sleeps, that Arm was near that is never slack. Being a swimmer, I instinctively began to tread water, which was fortunate, as by this means, aided by the thickness or consistency of the icy water, I did not sink much beyond my waist. Breaking the soft ice with my hands until I reached that which was strong and hard, I summoned all my strength in one supreme effort and landed on the solid ice. My handbag was floating on the surface of the water, and lying flat on the ice I fished it out with my stick. My feet and legs were cold beyond endurance from the ice-water in my long boots. I set off running with all my might for the shore, where I saw smoke ascending over the hill. Reaching the little cottage, without a knock or a word to the astonished people

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I rushed in, and not until I had taken off my boots and got my feet out of their ice-bath did I explain matters. Their surprise was at once turned to sympathy. The kind folk did everything possible for me, especially giving me what I most needed—a supply of warm and dry clothing. Afterward it seemed a mystery how I got in, and especially it was a mystery how I got out. Once more God undertook for me.

My predecessor, the Rev. George Bullen,<sup>1</sup> had a similar experience, and a marvellous escape. He was crossing the frozen harbor of Norton's Cove when the ice broke under his feet. He clung to the edge of the ice, but, being a very heavy man, he could do nothing to extricate himself from his perilous position. He must soon have perished but for a circumstance of a strange and unusual character. Joseph Kean, a son of affliction, to whom I have already made allusion, lay on his bed in one of the houses overlooking the harbor. Though his bed was placed near the window, he was unable to raise himself sufficiently to enjoy the view, and necessity, the mother of invention, had taught him how to overcome this difficulty by means of a looking-glass which he always kept at his bedside. By the practiced manipulation of the glass he could see all parts of the harbor, and in this daily lookout he found an avenue of relief from the monotony of his long affliction. Thus employed, he saw Mr. Bullen in his extremely dangerous position. In the providence

<sup>1</sup> Now of the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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of God, he took up his glass at the very moment of the occurrence, not a moment too soon, not a moment too late. He instantly sounded an excited alarm. The peril of their beloved minister was quickly known through the entire place. With great difficulty, by means of ropes and poles, Mr. Bullen was rescued. A poor bedridden sufferer, in the remarkable way described, was thus helpful in saving a valuable life. Wonderful, isn't it? So God uses the least of his children, and "They also serve who only stand and wait."

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### CHAPTER XII

#### FROM WESLEYVILLE TO HARBOR GRACE VIA FOGO

“When I am overmatched by petty cares  
And things of earth loom large and look to be  
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me  
To step into the night and feel the airs  
Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,  
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas  
Where swim the stately planets; such as these  
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal!”

—*Burton.*

“DISTRICT,” “Conference,” these were magic words to many an isolated missionary who had scarcely seen the face of a brother minister, and nothing of the world beyond the borders of his own “mission,” for nearly twelve months. These words suggested not merely the routine of church courts, but the warm hand-clasp, the fellowship of kindred spirits, the ripening of friendships, besides new scenes, faces, pleasures. The joy of meeting, always a marked feature of Methodist Conferences, was in the case of Newfoundland, I am inclined to think, unmatched the world over, and this for obvious reasons. I can never forget, at the opening of Conference, the thrilling effect of the singing of words familiar since Methodist Conferences began:

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“And are we yet alive,  
And see each other’s face?  
What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!  
But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love;  
And still he doth his help afford,  
And hides our life above.”

But to men stationed in the north of the island, *how to get to District and Conference* was often a formidable question. The difficulties and humors attending the solution of this problem may be illustrated by my own experience.

In the summer of 1886 District was to be held at Fogo and Conference at Harbor Grace. Fogo is an important island north of Wesleyville; and Harbor Grace is the second town in the colony, situated in Conception Bay.

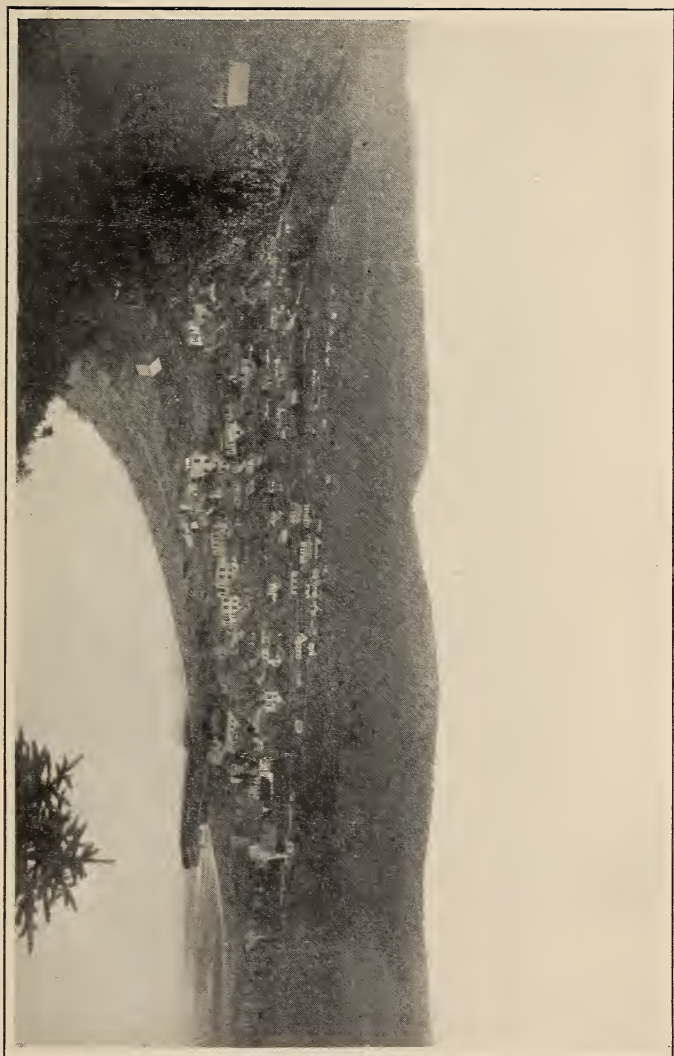
The first stage of the journey was a tramp of forty miles to Musgrave Harbor, which I accomplished in two days. Here I joined the Rev. William Rex, whose bachelor quarters in the parsonage I shared for several days, including Sunday. This is a populous and pleasantly situated settlement. There is one large church, the people all belonging to the same communion. I enjoyed preaching to them, also the rest and the change.

A story told me by the mail carrier interested me while journeying hither. The scene of this bear story was some isolated spot in these regions. A father

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and mother left their "tilt" in charge of their son and daughter, the boy, the older of the two, being about twelve years of age. The parents had not been absent long before the little folk espied a bear making for the "tilt." The attraction was a cask standing at the door containing blubber. Raising himself on his hind legs and letting his two front paws rest on the cask, he enjoyed himself first-rate, feasting on the blubber. Needless to say, our little friends within were greatly alarmed, but, young as they were, they showed themselves possessed of "real grit," a quality not uncommon among the sturdy people of the island. The boy got down his father's sealing-gun and prepared to dispatch the bear, his sister helping him. These young defenders of hearth and home were strategic as well as brave in their actions. This plan was quickly agreed upon: when the gun was loaded and everything ready, at a given signal the sister was to open the door, when her brother would take aim and fire; then the door was to be closed with all speed and bolted. The little fellow's strength was not equal to his holding the gun out straight without a rest for the barrel, so he "commandeered" a piece of the household furniture for the purpose, and handled the weapon effectively. With great deliberation preparations were made, and at the word "ready" the door swung open; a moment's cool aim, and then "bang!" the kick of the weapon rolling the plucky youngster over on the floor. The brave girl, who stood by the door, shut and secured it ere the report

LITTLE BAY, THE RIGHT (See page 185)





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had died away. They were safe; the bear was shot. Poor Bruin, with a bullet in him, went away, leaving a blood track in the snow. Some hours afterward the returning parents found the bear dead, and when they saw the marks of blood leading in the direction of their own home their fears became far greater than their children's had been. With intense anxiety they hurried home, but happily to meet their two little heroes waiting breathlessly, with a capital story to tell.

I would gladly have lingered longer at Musgrave Harbor, amid surroundings so pleasant, but when District opens and our names are called we must be there to respond. Therefore early in the week Mr. Rex and myself set sail for Fogo, a Prince Edward Island gentleman, farming in the neighborhood, having placed at our disposal a yacht and a man. During the afternoon the wind came "head," and blew so hard that we were compelled to make for the nearest harbor. The place was unknown to us. It was, like many other harbors studding Newfoundland's coast, perfectly safe, with deep and clear waters; fishermen's houses built high on the rocks fronting the harbor, and stages and fish flakes surrounding it, down by the water, around half its circumference. The people proved to be all Roman Catholics, and, though poor, lacked nothing of hospitality and kindness. We had hoped in an hour or so to continue our journey, but the increasing gale ordered otherwise. The man who received us into his house was very friendly, and did all in his power to make us

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feel welcome. But when night came on, with evidently sincere regret he confessed embarrassment. His sick wife occupied the only bed. He had, however, a way to meet the difficulty. With spruce boughs and quilts he made for us a "shakedown" on the floor. This, without much ado, we gladly accepted. The three of us lying as closely and snugly together as possible enjoyed the fun of it. Not so our kind host. When he had tucked us in, and satisfied himself that we were comfortable, he stood and looked at us. As he did so he was overcome with emotion, and could no longer restrain his tears. With tremulous voice and strong Irish accent, he said, "Faith, sirs, it's Oi that's sorry; but belave me, your riverences, I couldn't do more for my priest, Father Veitch himself." We have been entertained many times in the homes of the rich, and enjoyed at their hands a gracious hospitality, for which to this day we remain grateful; but to none do we cherish a warmer feeling than to this humble man, who, in his poverty, showed his chance guests for a night such genuine and affecting kindness.

Fogo, at which we arrived by noon the next day, we found to be a pleasant little town, the headquarters of an island bearing the same name. The Methodist church in which the District meeting was held was small, but very comfortable and tasteful. The Anglicans also have a church, and there are good schools. Here, for the third and last time, I passed through that much-dreaded ordeal of the

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probationer for the ministry "a trial sermon," preaching before the District on the text, "For to me to live is Christ."

After the work of District was ended, the question arose, "How are the brethren to get to Conference?" There was a regular fortnightly sailing of the coastal steamer, but unfortunately her time did not bring her to Fogo to suit us; therefore we were thrown on our own resources. No other subject we discussed agitated our minds to an equal degree. Telegrams were exchanged; hopes were raised only to be dissipated; and at last we resigned ourselves to the best we could do under the circumstances. The best we could do in this case meant the chartering of a small steam launch. Some twenty to twenty-five of us took ship in her. As may be imagined, the space was very limited. I am sure our worthy captain could never have said to any one of us what Charles II said of Godolphin, "He is never in the way, and never out of the way," for we must have been often in his way in the execution of his duty. Indeed, on the crowded deck we were in each other's way all the time, and no one knew how to avoid it. When night came on there was the problem to be solved, "Where are we to sleep?" Well, we made the floor of our little cabin our bed. But what was that among so many? The room was so small that we had to lie pretty close and even across one another—that is, while the head was necessarily kept free, the lower part of the body underlaid or overlaid that of another. "Affliction's

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sons are brothers in distress," and big men and little men had to practice mutual concessions. For those who did not like this, there was the deck, which they could walk all night. And, be it said, those Methodist preachers manifested their spirit of brotherhood under difficult circumstances. If a grumble arose in any heart it was certainly suppressed; but the unconscious groan, the gasping for breath, the humble and polite request, "Please move your leg, brother," were painful but ludicrous to hear. And, let it be said to his eternal honor, there was among us the imperturbable brother, whose snores proclaimed his perfect contempt for all such slight and petty inconveniences. Of us more ordinary mortals, some took the situation philosophically, others as matter for merriment; but I apprehend that the majority remember that night, the half-suffocation, soreness of limbs, and seasickness, as an unpleasant nightmare. We reached Harbor Grace after dark on Saturday night, but through a queer blunder of the captain, who in the darkness and fog mistook Salvage Rock, near the mouth of the harbor, for a ship in full sail, we were compelled to spend another night on board. The captain gave orders for the anchor to be dropped, and positively refused to enter the harbor until daylight. In the morning everybody laughed heartily at the captain's blunder, and even he enjoyed the joke. We went ashore on Sunday morning in the best of humor, as it seems to me passengers always do.

The experience of the same District in 1889

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was even less fortunate. The District was in Bonavista, and Conference was to be held in St. John's. While negotiations were pending for our conveyance to the city, the work of the District having been faithfully and leisurely completed inside of a week, "the brethren" enjoyed themselves in social entertainment, and even in a game of cricket, as if boys again on an English green. We could not even get a steam launch, and there was no selection of schooners. The only one obtainable was a third-rate craft called the Thrasher. In desperation we chartered her, and sailed from Catalina, though one or two of the brethren held back, not willing to risk their lives. The steam launch was king to this. Besides the District, there was a family on board bound for Blackhead, in Conception Bay, in consequence of which we were called upon to endure the added inconvenience of an indirect and longer course. The weather was stormy, and it was impossible to remain on deck. It has always been to me a wonder where the brethren managed to "stow away"; some went down into the hold, and had only the ballast and old or spare sails to rest on. As for myself, I lay down in a dark, rat-infested corner. After battling with the tempest for some hours, our sails were rent, and, to our dismay, the ship was put back. We had not been ashore long enough to recover from seasickness when, in the gray of the morning, word came from the skipper that he was about to sail again. We renewed all the discomforts of our previous experience, and continued the same until

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the following night, when we landed in St. John's. As we drew near we feared, from the redness of the sky, that the whole city was on fire. But happily it was not so. A little fire on a dark night maketh a mighty glare.

This, then, is what attendance at Conference meant to the men of the Bonavista District in the years 1886 and 1889; and many of my brethren could tell a similar story to mine, "From Wesleyville to Harbor Grace via Fogo."

It is gratifying to know that the era of the railroad has at last dawned upon Newfoundland. Improved locomotion will banish these discomforts and make them ancient history. I heartily congratulate the brethren of the new era.

To return to the Conference of 1886. Harbor Grace, the second town in the colony, had a population of about eight thousand and an extensive trade. Here there was an imposing Roman Catholic cathedral. The old Methodist church was one of those comfortable edifices in which every pew seemed designed to hold a family, and usually did so, such as distinguished the past more than the present. Harbor Grace Conference, 1886, of which the Rev. George Boyd was president, was a memorable one to me, being the occasion of my ordination, in conjunction with three other young men, Henry Abraham, F. R. Duffill, and S. T. H. Jennings. The ex-president, Rev. George J. Bond, B.A., delivered the ordination charge. Faithfully and lovingly the preacher expounded the words,

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“Do the work of an evangelist.” His closing appeal was most solemn and affecting, carrying our thoughts to the day when each shall give an account of his stewardship:

“Brethren, I am looking away as I see you here before me, looking away to the consummation, away beyond the trials and temptations and triumphs to the end of life, when you shall lay down the sacred duties which now you are taking up—looking far forward to the day for which all other days were made,

“When the stars are old,  
And the sun is cold,  
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold!”

to the day when the results of your lives, of your labors shall be gathered in and weighed. O, what shall I say to you in view of that day? God bless you and guide you, and give you grace, that in that day you may hear Christ say, ‘Well done!’ Live for that! Labor for that!”

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### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE NEW PARSONAGE

"If thou dost find  
A house built to thy mind  
Without thy cost,  
Serve thou the more  
God and the poor:  
My labor is not lost."—*Unknown*.

"He loveth also to live in a well-repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully."—*Fuller*.

THE new parsonage—the first and only one the circuit ever had—was completed. It seemed a great task, and when difficulties loomed up some doubted that it would be accomplished; but here it was, graceful and substantial of form, near church and schoolhouse, facing the sea. It meant a good sum of money, but the people were generous givers and hard workers; collections and bazaars followed each other in rapid succession, and the bill was footed, with a substantial balance for furniture. Patiently and fondly I watched the building rise, sometimes doing odd jobs about it, and using the paint brush where not much skill was required. The people were proud of their "mission house," and I, for years a wanderer, was ready to welcome a place to call "home."

We received a kind and hearty welcome both in St. John's and Greenspond, but I hasten to nar-

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rate the unique and splendid reception tendered to us in our own dear Wesleyville. We were indebted to Dr. Macdonald, of Greenspond, for the courteous loan of his yacht, and to the volunteer crew who so kindly and skillfully manned the same. The yacht was gayly decked with bunting, and each man carried a gun, wherewith to herald our approach. It was a bright, warm September afternoon, in 1887, when we thus set off from Greenspond. We enjoyed a quick and delightful sail of about half an hour to the Wesleyville shore. The village was gay with flags, and in response to the sharp report of our rifles answering salutations came from all parts of the land and the adjacent islands. We were soon at the wharf, our landing place. A deputation of a score or more of the ladies of the church awaited our arrival as signalized by the guns. No formal introductions were needed. My wife, on stepping on the wharf, was received in the arms of the nearest, who imprinted on her cheek a kiss of welcome. The second did likewise, and the rest followed suit, until my poor wife, amid laughter and tears, was well-nigh overcome by the heartiness of the greeting.

Thus the new parsonage was provided with occupants. Here we made our first home, and spent the larger part of our first year of married life, my third and last on the circuit. Our "manse" occupied a commanding position, from the upper rooms of which we had a grand view of land and sea, in all diversity of shape and contour, endless

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gradations of tint and color, by winter shade sobered into dullness, by summer sun kindled into burnished gold, through all the year's wondrous panorama. The parsonage was a grand place in which to dream dreams, and see visions, but this luxury could be little enjoyed on a mission of such extent as Wesleyville.

The people, as we have seen, received my wife most kindly, but still, like the rest of us, she must needs have her probation, before graduation into their affections and confidence. It was not a long probation, as with us, for at a step, a bound, she "graduated with honors." The following story, which may be taken as a sample of others, shows how she conquered in one household, winning their best opinions. When it was rumored that I was going to Nova Scotia, to join the ranks of the benedicts, a friend of mine said to me, in his blunt, good-natured way, "What are you going to Nova Scotia to get a woman for?" The old gentleman had, it was plain, a little prejudice. He thoroughly believed, what I would be the last to deny, that Newfoundland was the grandest of all countries, and her daughters were fairer than all the daughters of men. The first time my wife and I enjoyed his hospitality, Hamburg bread, broken in small pieces, as was customary, was on the table. She was helped, liked it, and asked for more. The old gentleman's eyes twinkled with satisfaction as he said, "Be you fond of it? Help yourself." The ice was broken, and the conversation became free and lightsome.

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After the repast, he came to where I was sitting alone, and putting his hand on my shoulder, in the low tone of one speaking in strict confidence, he said, "*She'll do.*"

We lived among the people and for the people, and their joys and sorrows were as our own. The minister and "his lady" received the highest reward the people could give, their love and confidence. Their pastor they accepted as "guide, philosopher, and friend." Far from the city, having at this time neither medical practitioner (the nearest physician resided at Greenspond) nor legal adviser, your missionary was called upon to perform many duties besides those distinctively belonging to his spiritual office. The engaging of teachers for half a dozen schools, and paying their salaries, drawing up petitions to the government anent the making or repairing of roads and bridges, etc., the making of an occasional will, and in simple common complaints, the giving of medical advice, sometimes even medicines—all this and such like fell naturally into his everyday work.

A trying experience during the first year of our married life brought us and the people closer together in a common suffering. It was in the spring of 1888. The sealing steamers, having discharged their cargoes at Harbor Grace, were expected back with the men, and anxious women were looking not only for husbands and sons, but with them provisions for the replenishment of household stores. Then came an untoward circumstance, threatening

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gravest consequences, even famine. The ice was driven and packed in an impenetrable mass along the shores, stretching far away below the horizon. That great sea of ice, glittering resplendent in the bright March sun, was a cruel barrier between loved ones. Around us were "homes of want and sadness"; yonder, though hidden from view, were friends and provisions, but, alas, the ice, as cruel as cold, kept them apart. Anxious days, borne patiently by a suffering people, passed away. Effectual as the ice blockade was, we knew that a change of wind would break it up in a few hours; but it continued day after day, as if it had come to stay. In many homes food was exhausted; in many more it was near the vanishing point; and it is not too much to say of some of them, at least, that starvation stared them in the face. What were we to do? All we had ourselves, if distributed among the people, would not have made more than one day's supply for them. The only thing, and the best thing we could do under the circumstances, was to represent the critical state of affairs to the government agent in Greenspond. Thus we got doles of barrels of flour and kegs of molasses to distribute among the needy. The time of waiting was long and trying. Every time a dole was exhausted a stronger representation was made to the authorities, and it was repeated; and thus the poor people managed to keep body and soul together. One pathetic sight we can never forget: on the hill at the back of the parsonage a group of women could be seen each

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day, and at different hours of the day, with hands to their eyes, scanning the long dreary stretch of ice, if perchance they might espy in the distance the smoke of steamers, the sign of hope. For well-nigh three weeks we endured the greatest suspense. At last the favoring breezes carried the ice to sea, and big steamers were seen plowing their way toward us. Then there was great joy in that place.

As in nature sometimes the tempest reigns, storm succeeding storm, so in life there are times when trouble follows trouble, and sorrow seems to rule. Even joy when it comes is but for the moment, and the sky darkens to midnight blackness. It is just here a turn for the better comes. The darkest hour is nearest the dawn, the dawn of a long and happy day. This describes the experience of two young friends of mine. The sword had already pierced the soul of the woman. A day of gladness came again; unitedly they step out, hand in hand, the image of content and hope. They had not gone far ere, as a bolt from the blue, they were plunged in a deeper woe. But the light came again—first a thin streak, then more and more unto the perfect day of a long and happy wedded love.

The marriage was an ordinary one—that is, it was to onlookers like other nuptial celebrations. There was the usual feast, the usual display of bunting, and the usual firing of guns in honor of an event which never lacks interest whether the bride be a peeress or a fishermaid. But to the two participants the occasion was far from ordinary. Their

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faces told their perfect consciousness that this was to them one of the greatest days they would ever see, and in sympathy we read and understood their feelings. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." It was my honor to officiate, and proud I was to do so, for Zephaniah, the groom, was a member of our church, and a young man who stood high in my esteem and affection; and his bride was a young widow, in every way fitted to be to him a true helpmeet. Congratulations were upon every lip; high hopes were in every heart. What could man and woman more desire? Alas, the oft-proved truth, "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Three weeks of happiness, then a sudden and an awful woe. They told me that Zephaniah had been working in a saw-pit; that a heavy log had fallen on his head; that he was taken up and carried home insensible, to die. When I visited the stricken home my poor dear friend lay on his bed, unconscious, and his young wife who had never left his bedside was dumb with grief. It was then, for the first time, I heard her sad history. Her first husband was drowned at sea only a few months after their marriage; and now, poor soul, she was suddenly, and even more speedily, plunged, as it then appeared, into the same sorrow a second time. Thus sorrow had followed sorrow in that poor woman's lot. The night was at its darkest, but the dawn was not far off. After many weary, anxious days and nights the injured man opened his eyes and rewarded his patient, loving wife with a look of

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grateful recognition. His convalescence was long; his recovering of strength was longer; but in the end he became a strong man once more. After sixteen years, in a Canadian province, I met Zephaniah and his wife again, and a happier couple and family group one might go far to find. He was now a flourishing and successful man of business. Then I understood how the prayer had been answered, "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil."

"The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years."

There was no "servant girl question" either here or anywhere in Newfoundland, and the burdens of housekeeping were lightened and domestic life rendered happier by the old-time fidelity of the helper.

As the years sped, I rejoiced the more in the work of preaching the glorious gospel, and in having a humble part in the highest service on earth, the ministry of Jesus Christ.

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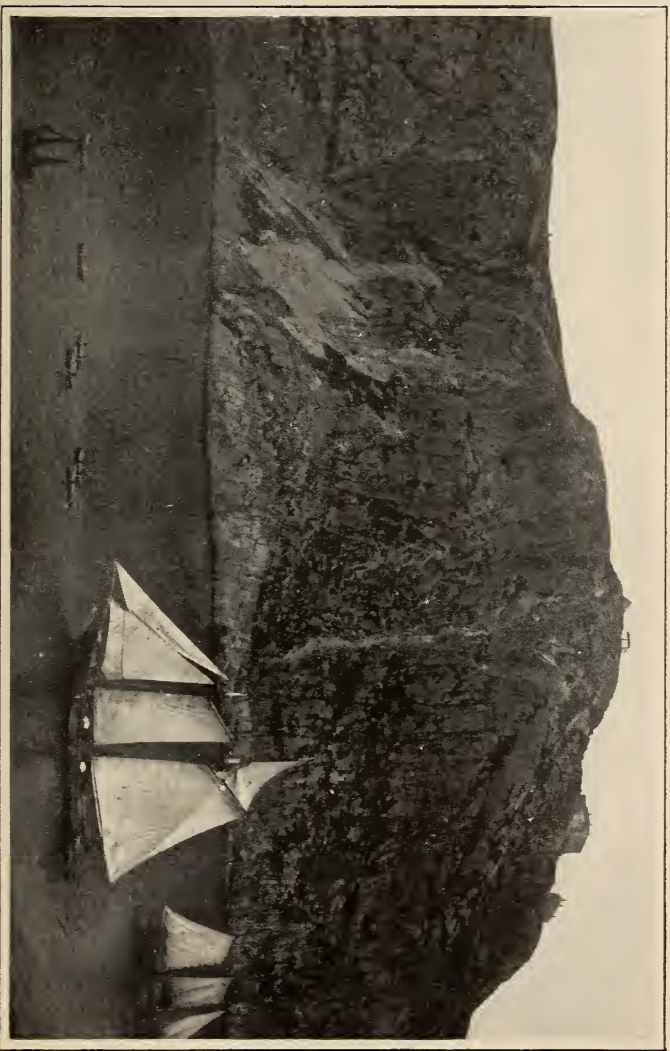
### CHAPTER XIV

#### SIDELIGHTS OF CHARACTER

"I have heard higher sentiment from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle, heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with, except in the pages of the Bible."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

SANCTIFICATION is difficult to define. We thank God for those whom we have known to adorn the doctrine. On every circuit on which we labored there were some who were worthy to be called "saints" in the highest sense. These men and women "walked with God." As I write, there come back in thought one and another in whom was "the mind of Christ."

Father John, to coin a name, was one of these. When I knew him he was a venerable old man. His thoughtful and benevolent countenance would have well become a doctor of divinity; yet, on inquiry, you would find he could neither read nor write. In other years he had been an opposer of the gospel and of Methodism; but he had done it ignorantly, in unbelief. After his conversion his life was truly given to God. The purity of his life and the peace and joy that shone in his face recalled the beatitude, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be



IN THE NARROWS



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filled." He began his Christian life by promising to give twenty dollars a year to the support of the gospel, and he kept his word. But this was by no means the limit of his giving; he manifested a liberal spirit toward every good work. In the house of God, which he loved, he was a hearer to be prized. Only those who preach know the priceless value, in inspiration, of a good hearer, and understand the meaning of the saying, "Half the eloquence is in the audience." He used verily to feed on the Word of God, as read or preached. His whole aspect seemed to say: "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste. Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" He nearly always had some thoughtful or kindly remark to make about the "sarment," or some discriminating question to put about the Bible, each time we met. Like all true piety, his was unselfish and disinterested. He lived on an adjacent island, where many were indifferent to religion. Often very few would have troubled to come to the mainland to church had not Father John seen that boats were provided for the conveyance of those who wished to attend. He did even more than this. On Sunday mornings he frequently went around among the more careless ones, and invited and urged them to come to God's house. When we saw him returning home, sitting in the center of the crowded boat while his friends full of the spirit of the service sang heartily their favorite hymns, we knew he was happy and rewarded. Even to us ashore it was very pleasing to see and hear them. A fuller reward was his when, during revival

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services, young people insisted upon crossing the jagged and treacherous ice, at no little risk, to seek the Lord, "if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." Perhaps the most characteristic feature of this good man was his joyfulness. Not that he was demonstrative in word or act, for his was rather a quiet spirit; but his face shone with gladness rarely shadowed, and his lips spoke only love and praise. What a charm there is in such a character! In many a lowly cottage home in Terra Nova, on board many a schooner cruising in her angry waters, consecrated lives are to be found, men and women glorifying God in "the trivial round, the common task."

During special services in Wesleyville a rather remarkable incident occurred, resulting in the conversion of one whom we may call Brother Didymus. In the midst of the meetings there came a terrific storm, and it seemed impossible for anyone to go out. We heard voices, however, and concluded some young men were going to church. I then set off, though I could get no one to accompany me. In the blinding snowstorm that was raging I lost my way, getting off the road on to the deep snow that lay on the marsh. With much difficulty and loss of time I at last reached the church. There were only two men there, one of our exhorters and Brother Didymus. They were engaged in close conversation on religion, in which I immediately joined. Brother Didymus was a doubter, with all a doubter's gloom and despair. Although I knew this quite well, I was

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greatly shocked to hear him proclaim his own soul's ruin, saying, "There's no salvation for me." These words were spoken with such a despairing look and gesture as showed he had persuaded himself into this belief. We spent about an hour with him, reasoning from the Scriptures that Christ tasted death for every man. Next evening it was a great surprise and joy to find him willing to own himself a seeker, and to hear him say ere the meeting closed that he had received a blessing. From that time forward Brother Didymus regularly attended class meeting, but it was not until some months after that he entered into the full assurance of faith. "God moves in a mysterious way." The storm led to a heart-to-heart talk with a despairing soul, who probably could not have been reached in any other way. This incident lent its strong emphasis to two truths already believed. (1) That it is worth while going to the smallest meeting, consisting literally of two or three. (2) That none need despair of God's mercy.

There floats before the mind's retina a character of another type. Happy William was a quaint old man, not without strong prejudices, though a true Christian. One of his peculiarities was his objection to pay his contribution to the minister through a collector. He believed in putting it in the hand of the minister himself. I was busy in my study one morning when happy William was announced. Being heartily welcomed, he greeted me with his usual sunny smile and his favorite ejaculation, a sign

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always that emotion stirred his heart, "Praise the Lord!" He would not be seated until he had explained the object of his call, and had discharged what to him was evidently a pleasing duty. He had come five miles that morning to give himself the pleasure of handing his "fee"—contribution for salary—to his minister in person. Pulling out a large red handkerchief, in which something important, it became evident, was secured, he unrolled it slowly and mysteriously, until he came to a knot at one of the corners, which at last having been untied by the aid of his teeth he extracted therefrom a five-dollar bill, and, presenting it to me, said, "I allus likes to pay the parson myself; it makes me feel so joyful-like." And to this, with increased exuberance of feeling, he added his usual "Praise the Lord!"

Sister Dauntless received from me a paper authorizing her to collect for church furniture in St. John's. When she returned, finding she had succeeded very well, I congratulated her accordingly. But noticing an expression of something like disappointment on her face, I asked her, "Are you not satisfied?"

"Satisfied? No! I called on the governor, but he was away from home."

"The governor!" How triumphant Sister Dauntless would have been if she could have gone among her neighbors and friends and said, "The governor's name is on my list."

Brother Dolorous was a collector of another sort.

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A collector, save the mark! His duty was to gather in the contributions toward "ministerial support." He complained to me one day that the young men were remiss, and added, with grim, unconscious humor, "I tells them that they will want the parson to bury them some day." Surely our well-meaning friend was skilled in the art of how "not to do it." We wondered no more that he was such a failure.

Sister Garrulous prided herself on her "talent," as she did not hesitate to describe her talking ability, pronouncing the word with unctuous complacency. Sister Garrulous was not an unlovable person, least of all was she an evil-disposed person (quite the contrary), but she was a victim of that fatal error in religion of putting the emphasis upon the wrong place, hers taking the particular form of emphasizing words rather than deeds. The balance between words and deeds—find it, and you have a perfect character. A quaint old English poem strikes the happy mean:

"Say Well is good, but Do Well is better;  
Do Well seems spirit, Say Well the letter.  
Say Well is godly, and helpeth to please,  
But Do Well lives godly, and gives the world ease.  
Say Well to silence sometimes is bound,  
But Do Well is free upon every ground.  
Say Well has friends, some here, some there,  
But Do Well is welcome everywhere.  
By Say Well to many God's Word cleaves,  
But for lack of Do Well it often leaves.  
If Say Well and Do Well were bound in one frame,  
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain."

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Sister Niggardly, judged by her emotional speeches, would at any time die for the church; judged by her givings, her regard for it was very slight. We were painting and otherwise trying to improve the appearance of a gloomy looking church. Others had given with liberality and cheerfulness. "Sister Niggardly loves the church, she will give much," was the thought of the unselfish worker as she wended her way toward the door, thinking of Christ's struggling church, often "least" in the eyes of man, and finding comfort in the words that never grow dim in this dark world, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me." Our enthusiastic worker could scarcely tell her errand quickly enough, for very joy. Poor thing! how little she thought her cherished hopes were to be rudely shattered, and her own sensitive feelings crushed. Sister Niggardly, having listened in icy silence, gave as her answer a cruel "No." If her reason were required, it was this: "Many souls have been saved in a whitewashed chapel." In that little society the happiness of their good work was somewhat marred by this incident, and the people said, or if they did not say it, they thought it: "When the whitewash was needed Sister Niggardly never gave anything toward the cost, and was never present to help when the work was to be done." Yet Sister Niggardly did not cease to exhort sinners with tears, and to declare her love for her Father's house. When one purse is closed God opens another. The work was accomplished,

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and a little company rejoiced together. Only one was left out in the cold—by her own selfish action.

Brother and Sister Austerity were very forbidding persons. Their character was a compound of pride and piety, narrowness and zeal. They did not represent, by any means, the average Newfoundlander, whose nature is bright and sunny, and who, when influenced by religion, develops a more attractive personality. But once in a way, especially in the more remote corners, Brother and Sister Austerity would surely be met. They gave visible expression in their unloving and unlovely lives to false notions in religion. In the eyes of Brother and Sister Austerity, the cultivation of flowers was idolatry, the hanging of pictures on the walls of a home was pride, and the games of little children were "idle tricks," "carrying on their works." I have actually seen a father, a great strapping fellow six feet high, "cuff" his boys for daring to give vent to their inborn love of play—"idleness," in his distorted view. So men misunderstand and misrepresent the Lord Jesus. Not in Newfoundland only, but throughout the world are some who, falsely thinking they thereby please God, choose the shadow rather than the light, and make a merit of their gloom.

Brother Kindheart was a complete stranger to me. But whatever his nationality or creed, he spoke a language I could understand and appreciate. If a paradox be permitted, he spoke the language of loving deeds. Strange to say, it is Brother Kindheart's peculiarity to show himself in the hour of

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need—visiting you in *your affliction*. At other times he is lost in invisibility; but when you need him he never fails to appear. I stood in need, and sure enough he came, though I was not expecting him at all, seeing no sign of friendly help.

Picture me in disconsolation and dejection watching the ferryboat I had missed, her full sails half a mile away, nearing the opposite island. I had walked five miles, on a hot day, too, and had business in Greenspond. Inveighing at my ill luck, disappointed, I turned to go back, when a man from the ship-building yonder approached.

Smiling, the stranger said: "I see you have missed the ferry, sir; jump into my boat quick, and we'll catch her before she leaves the island."

"But you are leaving your work."

"Never mind that."

"You are certainly very kind."

"What are we in the world for but to be kind to one another?"

In this way Brother Kindheart saved my day for me, and won my blessing. I have not seen him since; he passed me like a ship in the night; showed his lights—ay, stopped to help me in a difficulty—and then was lost in the darkness. But that cup of cold water has not been forgotten by me, and the Master will not forget it, though done "unto me, who am less than the least of all saints."

Cruising round has thrown me among "all sorts and conditions of men." I have been their companion in travel and shared their hospitality, and

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I have invariably found that kind words and kind acts are current coin, through the world-wide realm of common humanity.

Sadly strange it is that Religion—than which when true nothing is lovelier—sometimes distorts and spoils the man; as witness frowning Bigotry, the misadventure of religion.

I have few pleasanter recollections of Newfoundland than of hospitalities accepted and returned by men schooled in other ways of thinking than mine. I like the article in Brother Kindheart's creed: "What are we in the world for but to be kind to one another?"

"All other joys grow less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

If in these sidelights of character I have sketched faithfully, it has been done with a loving hand; fully recognizing in each of my friends that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

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### CHAPTER XV

#### TRINITY

"O, dream of joy, is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?"—*Coleridge.*

I CAN understand any native of Trinity, returning from afar, speaking to himself in words like those at the head of this chapter. The hill, the lighthouse, and the kirk can be seen far out in the bay, and at the mouth of the harbor the scene of beauty is enough to make any patriot heart swell with pride and joy. The writer's "own countree" is far across the ocean, but outside of that "beautiful isle of the sea" he knows few lovelier spots than Trinity and neighborhood.

The summer of 1888 saw us installed in the parsonage at Trinity, intrusted with the care of the circuit of which this is the center. The Methodist minister leaves an old circuit with chastened feelings, sometimes with tears, and enters upon a new sphere in faith and hope, sometimes, in spite of all, in fear and trembling. We came to Trinity with pleasing anticipations, which time fully justified. The memory of our three years there is like a summer breeze from a southern land. Two of our children will always say of Trinity, "mine

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own countree." Yonder is the house in which they were born; the kirk in which they were baptized; these are the fair scenes on which they first opened their eyes.

Trinity was a little town of about eight hundred persons; but just across the harbor, in Trinity North, there was a population of about one thousand, and the adjacent district was fairly populous. Trinity was the market town for the north side of the bay. The coastal steamers called regularly, while numerous fishing schooners and a few foreign vessels were frequently seen in the harbor. One of the largest merchants in the island had his premises here, and there was something of the air of business importance about the old town. It boasted a little paper called the Trinity Record, and we were daily in receipt of the world's news by telegraph. There were three churches—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Methodist.

My circuit consisted of three places outside of Trinity, the farthest only six or seven miles distant, all of them being reached by good roads with houses all the way.

Trinity, therefore, was a great contrast to my two former circuits. Here we pursued the even tenor of our way; hardship and adventure did not enter into our lives, simply the calls and claims everywhere heard in this sinning, sorrowing world; and we found these enough:

"Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God."

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Trinity, as we have seen, is "beautiful for situation." The town sweetly nestles at the foot of a great hill, and from the "crashing thunder of the rolling wave" she is protected by the great headlands of her noble harbor. From Rider's Hill there is one of the finest views imaginable. Before us lies the magnificent bay bearing the name of the town, running inland from seventy to eighty miles, and reaching across from fifteen to twenty miles. One sees the waves of this noble bay dancing in the sunlight, and the white sails of a tossing vessel silhouetted against the sun, and perhaps the snowy foam and parting of the waves of an incoming steamer. The great arms of this remarkable harbor, one of the finest in the world, almost encircle us in their friendly clasp. If we turn our gaze inland, the diversity of mountain, lake, stream, and forest shows many a bit of quiet scenic beauty, and a view, as a whole, of the finest description. The very contrasts of the scene stir our thoughts and move our hearts in devotion before Him whose temple

"Is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky."

We think of them as we beheld them then—the flying spray of the dashing breakers and the still waters of the sleeping lake; the solemn grandeur of the everlasting hills, and, down below, the diminutive buildings of man; the delicate blue and soft white clouds of the heavens, and the gray or green of the ocean breaking into snowy whiteness on the

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rocky shores. This as we saw it many a time was a scene fair to look upon and hard to forget.

Dwelling by the sea, though safe behind the mighty fastnesses of a rocky coast, we grew familiar with and loved more and more its ceaseless music. The world is God's great cathedral and the sea is one of its organs, as some one has finely suggested. It is a wonderful organ, and its music answers the varying feelings of the human heart. In its softer lappings it is as gentle as a lullaby, while in its angry moods its tones are fierce to awfulness. Its voice changes oft, sometimes sounding lament, sometimes roaring victory. Its far-off cadences are whispers of a better land beyond the horizon; and, under the influence of its inspiring melody, the spirit in its wish to greet friends gone before has often made in imagination the long voyage which we must sooner or later make in reality. O, yes; we love the sea.

The Methodist church in Trinity was conspicuous in more ways than one. It was a large church, painted white and adorned with a handsome spire. Standing on a hill, it was the most conspicuous building in the place, and was the first object discerned by vessels making for the harbor. Looked at now from the intervening years, it stands quite as conspicuous, but in far other ways. A good site and a fine appearance, important as these things may be, are not after all the main requirements of a church. Within, the edifice was big, and bare, and cold. If all the people in Trinity at any

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time wished to worship within its walls, as far as accommodation was concerned, they might have done so. Our congregation of some sixty or seventy persons seemed lost in its auditorium. The preacher in turn must have seemed lost in his lofty pulpit, with its dreary background of a gallery in which there was never a soul, the choir having forsaken it for the body of the church. This they did out of pure compassion for the preacher, installing themselves where he could see them, and where they might add their little quota toward swelling the congregation. How he thanked them in his heart for their goodness! With its heavy colored-glass windows, "casting a dim religious light," dark-stained wood, lofty ceiling showing the naked rafters, it was an interior preëminently somber. The gloomy shades were depressing to preacher and people alike. The exposed situation of the church made it the plaything, as it were, of the winds, and when a gale blew the noise above and around suggested a ship at sea, and the preacher who could then be heard must have a giant's voice. We struggled on in proud disdain of these inconveniences until winter came, and then it was in vainly striving to keep warm that we had to own ourselves conquered. Happily for us, we possessed near by a neat little schoolhouse. Curious as it may appear, the big church was locked up for the winter, and we all seemed relieved and content in the small, unpretentious, but bright and comfortable school-room. But the worst has not yet been told. There

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was a heavy debt at a high rate of interest! This recital may suggest many another woe of the same kind—big church, small congregation, and heavy debt. The sorrow of it who can utter it? But little by little, through a number of pastorates, the debt was removed, the church was made over to suit actual needs, and doubtless preacher and people are now happy. Their faith as a grain of mustard seed removed a mountain of difficulty and despair—yea, cast it into the sea.

During our three years in Trinity we enjoyed a quiet, steady, and progressive work, with no sad aftermath of retrogression and declension. Some of the dear young people gathered into the church have gone home, others are adorning the doctrine of God in lives of usefulness, and one is at present a probationer in the ministry of the Methodist Church in his native land. Here in the early part of 1889 we organized one of the first Epworth Leagues in Newfoundland. Besides the devotional department, we worked, in connection with the literary department, a reading circle, using Ward and Lock's cheap edition of great characters, including John Wesley, Christopher Columbus, Sir William Arkwright, Martin Luther, George Stephenson, and others. They were aspiring young people, and it was a pleasure to help them.

Among a number of Christian families loyal to Christ and his church one stands out in bold outline. They loved the Saviour and they loved his church; not their words only, but their lives pro-

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claimed it. The aged couple were true to the traditions of a long life, while their love to Christ and all that pertained to him grew in strength and beauty with the years. Theirs was a home in which the minister was always a welcome guest, welcome in the name of the Lord. The elect lady of the house was one of those in the bright succession immortalized in the gospels "which ministered unto them of their substance." Jasper Lucas, the head of that household, did very much to brighten the gloom of the church at Trinity in those days when the shadow was dark upon it. He was the unpaid sexton for years—I cannot tell how many. There he stood at his post like a soldier on duty. The church was seldom if ever opened without his being there. His were the hands that opened the "house," that hoisted the flag and hauled it down, and his was the loving forethought that anticipated every possible or imaginable need of minister and congregation. What Jasper could not get or do it was useless to think of. No price could have procured such services. The mint-mark of the king was upon them: "a work and labor of love." He liked the old way of a flag to which he had been used, and when a bell was mentioned said, "If people won't come to church, no bell will toll them thither." He had a grateful realization of God's pardoning mercy, and a strong sense of the heroic as a Christian confessor, as was seen in the words with which he so often closed his short, heartfelt prayer or his inspiring testimony:



PILLEY'S ISLAND (See page 193)



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"Salvation in His name there is;  
Salvation from sin, death, and hell.  
Salvation into glorious bliss,  
How great salvation, who can tell.  
But all he hath for mine I claim  
I dare believe in Jesus' name."

Their only daughter, a much-prized school teacher, was simply ceaseless in Christian activities. The debt-burdened church was an object of her self-sacrificing devotion, and it was owing to such as she that in the end the incubus was lifted, and the cloud passed away in a clearer light. Even the adopted daughter caught the family spirit, and vied with the rest in good works. Jasper Lucas seemed to have realized the poet's prayer:

"A saint indeed I long to be,  
And lead my faithful family  
In the celestial road."

The "faithful family" multiplied many times is what we want; the lifeblood of the church, the making of the nation.

Social relations in Trinity were free and friendly. Between the three churches there seemed to be a tacit understanding that each should keep to its providential path and do its providential work; therefore there were no unpleasant incidents. Outside of that was the utmost play of human kindness, which spoke for the good sense and the heart of the people, and added another agreeable feature to life in Trinity. It was a wholesome and happy society, too, as I always think when different person-

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ages, figures in the little town, come back to my mind.

The first I seem to see and greet is Trinity's man of leisure. With means and ample time at his command, he cultivated the amenities of life and—flowers. He could not be anything but agreeable, and his frequent visits are remembered with pleasure. A touch of the artistic, a dash of old-fashioned courtesy, and a bit of the ideal—these he seemed to bring with him; and it was good, for in the workaday world we are apt to forget this side of life.

Then there was the magistrate, a typical Englishman. We have grateful recollections of a bountiful hospitality dispensed by his gracious lady, and none appeared to enjoy such occasions more than the worthy magistrate himself, who possessed the gift of sharing in the happiness he dispensed to others. At a public gathering—a meeting of citizens, assembling of court, a governor's visit—he was in his element, and conducted himself as to the manner born. An amiable characteristic of his was this, that he made a point of always consulting the clergy as to arrangements, and that with unfailing courtesy he invariably apportioned them a prominent part in all public functions.

For "the beloved physician" of Trinity we have only unstinted admiration. As there are born orators, poets, and artists, so there are born physicians, and our doctor was one of these. As a poor boy he worked his way up fortune's ladder; and, remarkable to say, he graduated in no college, but

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in a doctor's office, and in the school of experience. This would be impossible nowadays, and at no time could be called, from the public view, a safe course to pursue; but it may be said that among many failures he stood out a brilliant success. It is his justification that not only the public but the medical faculty of Newfoundland held him in high esteem. His industry, kindly care and patience, tender spirit, quiet, manly bearing, showed him the Christian gentleman as well as the skillful physician. He had the entire practice of Trinity and district. His career affords another instance, among so many, of great achievement against heavy odds.

Our life in Trinity moved along quietly and peacefully as a stream, but as the calmest streams have their babbling places so even we had our times of gentle excitement.

An election was one of these. Anywhere and everywhere it is the nature of an election to cause an excitement. We attended crowded meetings in the Orange Hall, and had the privilege of hearing the leading statesmen of Newfoundland, including Sir William Whiteway, Sir Robert Bond, Sir Robert Thorburn, and the Hon. Alfred Morine. We had the pleasure of meeting most of these gentlemen afterward in the church or parsonage.

The visit of the governor of the colony occasioned an even greater excitement than election. It was then that Trinity appeared at its best. Flags waved their welcome everywhere, and the old cannon roared a greeting in its own fashion. The streets

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were lined with people whose hurrahs told the representative of the queen how intensely loyal they were. "Ye Oldest Colony" is nothing if not loyal. "The old island story," the grand old queen, were themes they never tired of hearing or speaking about. The very mention of the name England, Great Britain, like the sight of the flag, made their hearts leap. When the governor and his party had landed, after introductions, they were immediately conducted to the courthouse, where the magistrate read a complimentary address, and his excellency favored us with a speech. In a practical address he pointed out that the people might profitably give much more attention to farming, and that the country was adapted to sheep raising on a large scale. Then the schools and churches were visited. The school children sang very prettily, eliciting warm praise from his excellency. In the Roman Catholic chapel it was amusing to hear the gentleman, who in the priest's absence acted as chaperon, say, every time he addressed the governor, "Your reverence." The Methodist church, brightened by the summer sun, never looked better than it did that day. Our veteran volunteer sexton was at his post, the surest guarantee that all was in order. Smiling proudly, he was presented to the governor. We did not expect anything but compliments on such a day, and therefore bowed assent to his excellency's remark that he admired dark shades in a church. The evening brought festivities, and so ended a bright day.

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But the most frequent, as by far the most prized, ripples of excitement were occasioned by the regular weekly call of the coastal boat. Newfoundlanders are generally said to be hospitable, and in this they are not belied. Only those who have traveled in the country know to what an extent this trait is indulged, and how hearty and genuine it is. About the time the steamer is expected, in nearly every house the kettle is sure to be boiling and the teapot ready for possible guests. A crowd gathers on the wharf, and grows rapidly as the steamer draws near. The steamer will be in port an hour or more, so that there is every opportunity for passengers to run ashore and visit their friends and acquaintances. Every voyager knows how recuperative it is to get ashore for a brief interval, with its welcome exercise, and, always in Newfoundland, its refreshing cup of tea. If the opportunity of landing is prized by the passengers, that of receiving guests and meeting friends is more prized by the dwellers in those small coastal towns. But sometimes they may be taken by surprise, as we were in our first days in Trinity. We had only arrived on the circuit a few days before, and were engaged in unpacking our cases—the noise of which probably drowned the steamer's whistle—when a loud knock was heard at the door. Opening it, I found quite a crowd on the veranda, and was greeted with, "Well, James, how are you?" in the familiar and hearty tones of the Rev. George Bond. He immediately introduced me to Senator Macdonald, of Toronto,

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and his daughter, and besides these there were a number of brother ministers. If surprised, we were gratified, and any embarrassment was forgotten in the friendly intercourse that followed. Senator Macdonald was enraptured with the scenery, and as he stood on the veranda of the parsonage, looking out on one of the arms of the noble harbor, he compared it to Lake Geneva, Switzerland. Several of our visitors had a run up Rider's Hill, and from its summit enjoyed the grand prospect. These flying visits, quite frequent, gave us the greatest pleasure, and left happy memories. This was the first and last time we were "caught napping" in Trinity. The departure of the steamer left an afterglow from the visit of our friends; and also a heavy mail—*our best excitement.*

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### CHAPTER XVI

#### SORROWS OF THE SEA

"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet."—Jer. 49. 23.

"And there was no more sea."—Rev. 21. 1.

ENGLISH HARBOR was one of the appointments of Trinity Circuit. Here we had our largest congregation, numbering about two hundred. The church, which was a handsome building, was a proof of the "cunning workmanship" of the men of the congregation, whose own hands erected it. There were a number of deeply spiritual and gifted men in this church. It was a singing congregation; they sang as the birds sang; music was in them, and nature was their teacher. An old saint, over ninety years old, still with a wonderfully clear and sweet voice, acted as precentor. Wesley's hymns they all knew and loved. Their favorite tunes were the old ones with the long-drawn-out repeats. Everybody sang, and the effect was uplifting; sometimes it touched the sublime. The majority were Christians, and the words of these sweet songs came from the heart; it was this, even more than their musical ability, that made their singing so effective. Persons sometimes came from a distance to hear this congregation sing. It was a happiness to preach to such a people. They rewarded the preacher with

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eager, even strained, attention. The prayer meetings were also memorable, three parts of the congregation usually remaining and the singing and the devotional exercises never flagging. They were quickly responsive, and when truth smote the conscience, or touched the heart, they acted on the divine impulse, and revivals were common.

On Sunday, February 8, 1891, we commenced special services here, and continued them through the week, with much blessing. On the following Sunday, though an extraordinarily cold day, as noted in a previous chapter, and stormy withal, we had three fair congregations. It was a high day. In the afternoon we had prayer meeting, and the Lord's Supper, of which converts partook. At the close of the evening service these young disciples gave their first testimony for Christ as recognized members of his church.

A sad feature of English Harbor was the number of widows and fatherless families. This was a distressing peculiarity of every part of Newfoundland, but in no other place have we seen so large a proportion of homes without husband and father. From boyhood these men had loved and followed the sea. They had done business upon its waters, learned to sport upon its waves and defy its storms; and at last they had found a resting-place in its still and silent depths.

On the sixth of January, 1882, well remembered as a perfect winter's night, moonlight and calm, the steamship *Lion* left St. John's for Trinity, and was

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never heard of again. No one survived; one body alone was recovered, mute in death, with no secrets to disclose. Nothing was ever found that shed light on the steamer's mysterious disappearance. Fifty loved ones were waited for in vain, among whom were the Rev. C. H. Foster, the young Episcopalian clergyman of Trinity, and his bride, who, in this ill-fated ship, took their first united voyage, *and their last*. February 27, 1892, was a dark day for English Harbor, when twenty-four fishermen, with whom we had often enjoyed sweet fellowship, perished in the bay. They had been seal-hunting in their boats. The morning was fine and mild, and they sailed out a long distance, where seals were plentiful. At about 11 A. M. a sudden storm of wind came on, with heavy frost and snow. Several boats with greatest difficulty managed to reach land, but each boat had two or three dead from cold and exhaustion, while others died afterward from the effects. Some boats were never heard of more; four brothers perished in one, and a father and two sons in another. A father and three sons were on a pan of ice all night, and only rescued on Sunday morning. One of the young men died, and the others suffered amputations which maimed them for life. What closing scenes of Christian triumph must those boats and that ice pan have witnessed. We are reminded of the words of one of the noblest navigators that ever visited Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and who himself went to heaven by the way of the sea: "We are as near heaven by

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sea as by land," words "well beseeeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ." Such were most, we trust all, of our friends, "soldiers resolute in Jesus Christ," and with like words upon their lips they doubtless went home to God. In Wesleyville it was our schoolmaster, in Trinity it was our editor, and so the sad story ran, the sea ever and anon claiming a victim; and, as if not satisfied with the ones and the twos, occasionally opening wide its mouth to swallow a host, as in the disasters above named. If it was sad for those to be taken, it was sadder for these to be left. Here, more than in most places, we could appreciate that always and everywhere acceptable piety which James describes as "pure and undefiled religion"—"to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

While on the Wesleyville Circuit one of the saddest and hardest duties of my life was laid upon me. Our Sunday school superintendent had left us in the flush of health for a seal-hunting trip in a Wesleyville schooner. One quiet Saturday at dusk, some weeks after this, I was seated in my study absorbed in meditation on the morrow's sermons, when a sharp knock and the simultaneous entrance of a messenger with a telegram in his hand brought me face to face with another sorrow and tragedy such, alas! as are so common in life. A telegram in Wesleyville! What evil did it portend? "Yes; it is addressed to me." In a moment the envelope is torn open. Only a few words, but what a shock they

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bring to my heart! and, O, the sorrow these soulless words will soon bring to one who does not know that *she is a widow!* The telegram told that our beloved brother and Sunday school superintendent had met his death by accident on shipboard, and that his mates had taken him to St. John's for burial. The message also asked me to break the evil tidings to his wife. Here was a summons to a trying duty. I should have been glad if another had been asked; but no, the request was to me. Duty is sacred, whether pleasant or unpleasant. I must obey; I dare not postpone the performance of a Christian office; but O, how utterly unprepared I felt myself for a task so weighty! What could I say? How could I best make known the sad news? Praying God that words and wisdom might be given me I set forth. It was quite dark when I emerged from my boarding house. I had about a mile and a half to walk, along the shore, with only a house here and there. As I slowly walked, the music of the sad, wild waves breaking on the rugged shore sounded like a funeral march. Nearing the house, I pictured to my mind its happy inmates, talking, perchance, this moment of the home-coming of the absent one; and when I remembered the telegram in my pocket my courage almost failed me. For the serious and difficult duty that had so unexpectedly fallen to my lot I was conscious of only one qualification—sympathy. Timidly knocking at the door, I was soon seated in the kitchen with the family. I saw that my coming at that unusual hour caused

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surprise; first curiosity, and then gradually anxiety. There was the wife of the dead man, his son and his wife, and a child or two asleep. Poor people, how I pitied them! I cannot remember what I said, but I know I spoke about heaven. Perhaps it was something in my manner, perhaps some word I dropped, I cannot say; but in a moment the poor soul, the bereaved wife, clasped her hands, and, in a look I shall never forget, exclaimed, "O, tell me what has happened!"

Very gently, and with some consolatory words of Holy Writ, the truth was told—her husband slept in his tomb, but his spirit was with God who gave it. We draw a curtain over a sorrow too sacred for the public eye—a new-made widow's grief.

The tragedy seemed greater, not less, as the days passed on. She was a second wife, and now husbandless and childless she felt herself alone. Considerably past life's meridian, she found herself without a home to call her own, and apparently without any ties of affection to keep her among her late husband's people. As most would do under like circumstances, she sought once more the home of her childhood. It was pathetic to tears to see her, some time later, on board a vessel, with her few belongings around her, bound across the bay to her father's house. Methinks that only in the "Father's house on high" many of earth's sorrowing ones will find rest. There—O, blessed words!—God "shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more."

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Returning again to English Harbor: it was always a sorrow to me to see in the congregation so many women in the habiliments of widow's mourning; to find in the home so often the "vacant chair," and that, too, of the breadwinner. The sea was this people's best friend; they were born within the sound of its roar, and cradled to its music, and they spent their lives upon its bosom. It was also their greatest enemy. Had it not robbed many a home of loved ones? Are they not sleeping on its sandy bed, by its seaweed entwined, in its waters submerged, until the angel's trump bid the sea restore its dead? Walking on the highlands leading out of English Harbor, and looking far into the bay and the ocean beyond, I have sometimes thought of Him whose only voice the waves of the sea obeyed, and of the day when he will speak again and the waves will subside, and the sea will restore its long-kept secrets and its multitude of dead, when it will vanish forever at the sound of his voice.

"There is sorrow written upon the sea,  
And dark and stormy its waves must be.  
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,  
This dark, relentless, and stormy deep.  
But a day shall come, a blessèd day,  
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,  
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,  
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.  
Then from out its deepest, darkest bed,  
Old ocean shall render up its dead,  
And, freed from the weight of human woes,  
Shall quickly sink in its last repose.

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No sorrow shall e'er be written then,  
In the depths of the sea or the hearts of men;  
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,  
All clothed in glory and light divine.  
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?  
Gone, for in heaven shall be no more sea."

I have now a sorrow of the sea of a totally different kind to relate. The place which was the scene of this disgraceful event shall be nameless. Newfoundlanders are often characterized by emotionalism in religion, but they are usually intelligent; and when a warm heart is wedded to a clear head something very near perfection is found. This is the character of Newfoundland Methodism in the main. If, however, we found a sensuous nature combined with a darkened understanding, then we might look out for spiritual disaster and moral collapse. The people of this little place never seemed to rise above a low level of gospel influences, which stirred their feelings without apparently influencing their moral character, as this event proved. A vessel was wrecked on their shore. The instinct of plunder seized some of the people at once. The poor shipwrecked mariners could do nothing but stand aside and behold sorrow added to misfortune in the pilaging of their goods by these wretched characters. Ministers expostulated with the people, the constable went, and a search was made; but the stolen goods could not be found. It was surmised that they were hidden in the woods and buried in the earth, and nothing would make these wreckers give them up. Barely half of the people were even nominally under

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the influence of our church. The few who were members and shared in this crime we publicly expelled. Another church divided the field with us, and felt equally with ourselves the disgrace and sorrow of the evil deed that brought a stain upon the place and upon religion. Let us hope that ultimately this event burned into their consciousness the truth that religion means, first and last, doing the will of God. In all my experience in Newfoundland I never saw or heard of another instance of this sort. The people everywhere were kind and humane, and their religion made for righteousness. This, then, we conclude was the exception that proved the rule.

The time came when we had to leave Trinity and Trinity Circuit. Never shall we forget the farewell of our warm-hearted friends. They assisted us in packing, sent a horse and cart for the conveyance of our goods to the wharf, and looked after them there. The steamer not arriving at 10 P. M., the hour she was expected, they remained with us until she came to the wharf, at 3 A. M., when they saw our luggage and ourselves on board and the steamer began to move away. Then, and not until then, did they speak the word "Farewell!" Thus ended one of our happiest pastorates, and one of the brightest chapters in our lives.

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### CHAPTER XVII

#### A VOYAGE NORTH

"God shield the ships, and bless the men  
Whose faithful watch makes sure the light,  
Until they reach that haven where  
They need no lighthouse—there's no night."

—*Mrs. Rogerson.*

As the steamer left the harbor at Trinity that July morning in 1891 her prow was turned northward, and we began our voyage to Little Bay, by Conference appointment our new field of labor, our new home.

Little Bay is about three hundred and sixty miles north of St. John's, not as the crow flies, but as measured by the steamer's course, which follows the sinuosities of the coast in order to make the different ports of call. From Trinity the passage means a distance of three hundred miles.

How can I describe this delightful voyage? We had brilliant summer weather, a fine steamer, and the best of company. Among the passengers were a number of American university men bound for Labrador for pleasure combined with scientific investigation. The round trip by steamer, from St. John's to Labrador and back, is an excursion physically and mentally bracing and altogether enjoyable. The coastal steamers in the summer are usually crowded with business men and tourists. Labrador



REVS. HARRIS, INDOE, AND BROWNING ON A MISSIONARY MEETING TOUR  
(See page 194)



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in the long winter is lone and desolate; but in the summer it is bright with sunshine, and presents many lively scenes on sea and land.

In steaming north in the summer many of those great wonders of nature, icebergs, are encountered. Like a deposed king seeking refuge in a foreign land, the majestic iceberg drifts aimlessly in strange waters, far from its birthplace in the arctic regions, and its doom seems a tragic one. Stranded, as we have often seen them off Trinity harbor, they melt and fall to pieces; but not without loud protestations, for they break with a noise resembling an exploding cannon.

Dr. Kane describes the somersault of an iceberg: "Nothing can be more imposing than the rotation of a berg. I have often watched one rocking its earth-stained sides in steadily deepening curves, as if gathering energy for some desperate gymnastic feat. and then turning itself slowly over in a monster somersault, and vibrating as its head rose in the new element, like a leviathan shaking the water from its crest."

Icebergs are broken pieces of glaciers, huge masses of ice, only about one eighth being above the surface of the water. They are of every imaginable shape, and of varying size, sometimes miles in length, and rising from two hundred and fifty feet to three hundred feet above the sea.

Starting from Greenland and floating southward along the coast of Newfoundland, and out farther in the track of the Atlantic steamers, they are objects

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of much dread to navigators in these waters. "Woe to the steamer that shall crash against the sides of an iceberg or upon its hidden base, for as it rides the restless current and is borne to slow dissolution in the warm embrace of the Gulf Stream, it is as solid as the cliffs of Dover or the frowning precipices of the (Newfoundland) coast, and may spread about it sunken reefs as wide as perilous."

During our first day at sea we passed many icebergs, and they were the objects of wonder and admiration to the crowd that viewed them from the steamer's deck. Sometimes they were far off, and field glasses were brought out; sometimes we passed one after another close enough to satisfy the curious and æsthetic. This was a spectacular feast indeed—the foaming, flashing, sunlit waves of the wide expanse of blue waters, on whose proud bosom rode silent but regal these spurned kings of arctic empires.

Their beauty and magnificence who can depict? They are like edifices decked with spires, turrets, and towers. Some in proportion, grace, and beauty resemble a great cathedral; others, being tunneled, a fine arcade. Unlike any building of man, however, they are ever changing their configuration; while melting and breaking, the work of destruction has begun and proceeds apace. But even in this respect may there not be a closer resemblance than at first appears? Do not the most solid works of masonry fall into ruin? After all, it is only a question of time. Will not centuries dissolve the cathedrals as days or months the iceberg? In the delicate

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beauty of their coloring they have an additional fascination. The bluish-green tints, the snowy whiteness, the glistening purity, make the iceberg one of earth's fairest objects.

"These are  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity."

Catalina, "a harbor of refuge at the entrance of Trinity Bay," is our first port of call. The various buildings stretch for about a mile on the north side of the harbor; and I always thought that the expressive Scotch phrase, "long toon," described the place very well.

We now enter Bonavista Bay, and soon find our good ship anchored off the town of Bonavista, which is beautifully situated in a fertile district, and has a population of 3,550. Nature has not provided Bonavista with one of those remarkably fine and safe harbors so common on this coast, and artificial means have had to be adopted, which only in a measure meet the need. The steamer being unable to reach the wharf, passengers and mail bags were taken ashore in small boats. Here is a Methodist church seating 1,200 people, and with a congregation to match it; also a large and handsome Anglican church.

In the afternoon we steam into the harbor of Greenspond, on the north side of the bay. Greenspond is an island with a population of 1,600. A

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medley of houses, stores, and business premises, with two goodly sized churches at either end, confront us as we enter the harbor. The island of Greenspond is almost wholly rock, so that soil had to be brought from the mainland before the little artificially made gardens that we see could have an existence. The crowded harbor, with its fishing boats, large and small, bespeaks the calling of the people and an extensive trade. The scene is strikingly picturesque, and a gentleman on board compares it to a place in Norway.

After leaving Greenspond my old field of labor, Wesleyville, comes into view. From the steamer's deck it seemed an enormous extent of territory, reaching from the place named to Cape Freels, and then away along the strip of coast for eight or nine miles to Seal Cove. The glory of the setting sun was cast like a benediction on that low-lying, lonely shore, where for three years I toiled among a loving people. Memories were awakened that touched the deepest feelings of my heart, both of thankfulness and regret. My thoughts were of the setting of the last sun, and the last scanning of life's labors, before the coming of the King and the final account.

The night came on, and the lighthouses flashed forth their cheering beacon. All who go down to the sea thank God for the lighthouses—milestones of the coast! Welcome guides when moon and stars fail! Silent witnesses of man's humanity to man!

I am reminded of a queer notion of a funny old man:

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"Them there lighthouses have ruined the country," said he to me.

"Why, how can that be?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"They have frightened away all the birds," he replied.

Thus if some men "think in continents," others think in square yards. Every question is seen only from the standpoint of their own doorstep—the purely selfish point of view. Like my old friend, they miss a shot and blame a government. A speck of dust on the glass of their telescope obliterates worlds of good.

"Good morning!" is the word we hear on all sides as we come up from our comfortable staterooms. How often have we uttered this familiar greeting to some fellow mortal to whom we knew the day would bring nothing but repetition of pain and suffering. But now hearty tones, and still more expressive looks, showed that everybody expected this day would be a good day to one and all; and so it turned out.

There was no seasickness on board, the waters were too calm for that, and all enjoyed the delights which the bountiful Creator had spread over land and sea. We were told that during the night we had been into Fogo harbor, and that, the weather being fine, the captain had judged well to continue the voyage.

"The magnificent Bay of Notre Dame now opens up before the gaze of the voyager along the coast.

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It is more than fifty miles in width at its mouth, and with its numerous arms it reaches seventy or eighty miles inland. Its shores are now famous as the great copper-bearing region. The whole coast here for many miles inland is covered with mining grants and licenses, and mineral indications are met over an extent of country forty or fifty miles in length."

About 9 A. M. we reach Twillingate, the fishing center of the north, a clean and trim little town with a population of 3,585. Here we have two large churches and two ministers. Our brethren are awaiting us at the landing place, one of them with his horse and carriage, and we enjoy a run ashore. The Church of England clergyman of this place, a man of evangelical and liberal sentiments, was one of our fellow voyagers, and we regretted to say "Good-bye"; but at almost every port we lost some pleasant companion.

During the whole of this voyage we had been charmed with the scenery, but it was not until we left Twillingate that the glories of the northern coast appeared. The picturesque, the weird, and the sublime arose before us again and again during the day. There were strange rock formations and many well-wooded islands set like gems in the placid waters, through which the steamer boldly threaded her way. It was clear that a master hand was upon the helm, for now a great hill seemed to challenge the steamer's advance, but, as she proceeded, lo, a lake of water opened before

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us, where we found a village and a crowd on the wharf awaiting us, made aware of our approach by the steamer's horn. Its hoarse scream broke the dreamy silence that reigned, reverberated through hills and woods, and aroused the drowsy village. Here also we enjoyed a run ashore. The little Roman Catholic chapel, with its open door, seemed to bid us welcome, and we entered.

We returned in the same course, and the transformation scenes of varying and unending beauty continued, until toward evening we reached Pilley's Island, a new mining settlement. Before us was a scene of life and bustle. Numerous and hastily put up buildings unmistakably marked the mining industry. A great steamer was loading at the wharf, where a large and promiscuous crowd, such as is never seen in the more quiet and orderly fishing towns and villages, greeted our coming. It was curious to watch this gayly noisy and boisterous crowd of humanity. *Iron pyrites* brought them all here, from the manager and staff downward; brought also this steamer here, and was likely to keep people here, and to keep steamers coming for a long time.

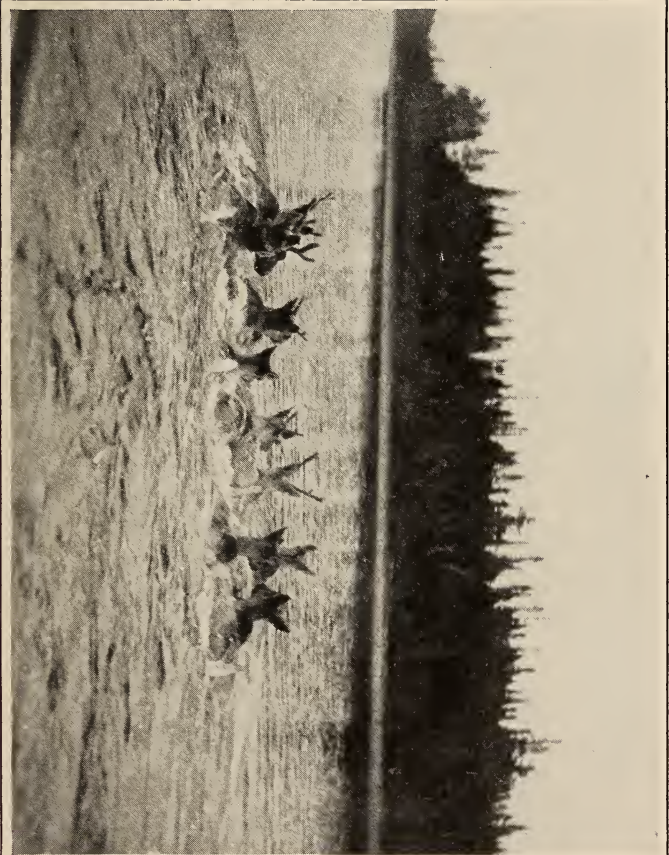
Little Bay Island, beautiful of approach, beautiful of location, the harbor lakelike in its calmness and hill-protected environment, brought us back again to the realm of King Cod. Here nature reigned, not art; and we felt and appreciated the difference. If I remember aright, we anchored for the night at Pilley's Island, and next morning completed the

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short run that remained, first to Little Bay Island, and finally to Little Bay. This finished the voyage as far as we were concerned. There were a number of other ports of call en route besides those I have described. Each brought a little change, usually a run ashore; and each had some feature of interest or pleasure peculiarly its own.

"Yonder is Little Bay!" White houses and buildings beyond a pebbled beach at the head of a pretty little bay were all we could make out, but the great cloud of smoke rising over the hill to the left, together with the complete absence of fishing craft and gear, left no doubt that, though yet in Newfoundland, we were actually outside of the radius of fish and fishing and had reached that of mines and minerals.

With reluctant good-byes to our *compagnons de voyage* we turned to face new friends, and to meet old duties in a new sphere.



CARIBOU SWIMMING ACROSS THE BAY (See page 202)



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### CHAPTER XVIII

#### LITTLE BAY

"It is a great pity that we are not taught, in our early days, *how to see*. It is more important than reading and writing, than arithmetic or geography. In a world of boundless treasures, above, beneath, on every side, we walk as if there were but few things worth seeing. And even these, when we have looked upon them once or twice, we exhaust, and suppose that we have really seen them."—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

LITTLE BAY was divided by a hill into two parts, called, respectively, the Bight and the Loading Wharf. The Bight was Little Bay proper, containing the Presbyterian church, the company's stores and offices, telegraph offices, club rooms, jeweler's shop, and the homes of some of the leading residents and many of the miners. The Loading Wharf derived its name from the fact that here the large New York steamers took in the pure copper for transportation abroad. The smelting works were situated here, also the homes of the manager, his staff, and many workpeople, and a schoolroom in which we regularly conducted services. A drearier looking place it would be hard to find. The sulphur smoke went up in great volumes, and when the wind drove it inland, and the heavy atmosphere prevented its rise, those who were obliged to pass through it were almost suffocated. It gave the buildings a

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shabby appearance, and, of course, destroyed vegetation. Because of the sulphur smoke, it was useless for the people to take any pride in the exterior of their dwellings, and from outward appearances no one would imagine the comfort that reigned within.

The two places, or rather the two distinct parts of Little Bay, were connected by a road that wound round a hill, and also by the more direct and frequented way for pedestrians, a very long flight of steps that scaled the hill at its steepest. On the summit of this hill, midway between the Bight and Loading Wharf, were the Roman Catholic and Anglican places of worship; here was also the mouth of the celebrated Little Bay copper mine.

Our parsonage was situated in the Bight, and in the most desirable part of it, known as "the park," where there were a number of pretty residences, including that of the manager, who was a wise and indomitable Scotsman. It was a pretty situation, looking toward the harbor, with a quiet lake in the rear, and fronted by long rows of trees, for in the Bight we were beyond the reach of the sulphur smoke, and the greenness and freshness of nature gladdened our eyes. Whatever beauty there was came from nature and not art, the place as a whole being irregularly built, and most of the houses having a squatty, unadorned look. It lacked, for instance, the neatness and trimness of our late home, Trinity; but these are qualities not to be looked for in a mining center. Life is rich in compensa-

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tions, and we discovered that what Little Bay lacked in one direction it more than made up in another.

Of the population of 2,116, if we cannot say it was cosmopolitan, it is simple truth that its diversity made it interesting, for here were Scotch, English, Irish, Canadians, and Americans, as well as Newfoundlanders; and even distant Ceylon was represented in the person of our doctor, a graduate of Edinburgh. The people generally were in comfortable circumstances, not having to depend upon a calling so precarious as the fishery, but being in receipt of a regular monthly wage. It was strange to be in a place in Newfoundland where the people did not live by the catching or trading of fish. Such was Little Bay, for I only remember one man who owned his schooner, and who went down to the sea for a livelihood. In a word, it was an ideal industrial community.

A pleasing feature of life in Little Bay was the good feeling that existed among the churches, the Roman Catholic priest, Episcopal clergyman, and Methodist minister setting an example of friendliness which pervaded the community. There was something in the air of the place that, it seems to me, would have frowned down bigotry and made it impossible for it to thrive; that favored catholicity, charity. I have two very gratifying recollections of this.

The first of these was a united concert for the benefit of the sufferers from the St. John's fire. A call of this sort afforded just the needed oppor-

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tunity for the expression of the feeling that existed. The priest and the ministers sat on the platform, and took part in the literary programme, while the wives of the latter and the niece of the former led in the musical portion. The respective congregations followed their spiritual guides, and shibboleths, for the time being, at least, were forgotten. A handsome sum was realized for the worthy object in view, and still better we felt the advantage and blessing of being brought into touch and union by coöperation in a good work.

A still more gratifying circumstance to me was this: All the time I was in Little Bay, I preached in the Presbyterian church, and had among my regular hearers and communicants a number who were Presbyterians and Congregationalists. The Presbyterians having no minister, their church was kindly granted for our use. The members of the churches named—among whom were the heads of the mine, the smelting works, and the store—joined with us in worship, and assisted our work in every way. Sabbath by Sabbath I had the pleasure of preaching to as devout and thoughtful a congregation as ever it has been my lot to minister to. “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” We trust this circumstance is but one of the straws that show the way the wind is blowing, a small augury of the union now advocated between these three great churches—Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist. Believing such a union would bring glory to God

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and good to man, our earnest prayer is, God speed the day!

In connection with the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor which we organized at the Loading Wharf, we soon got together an orchestra of about twelve instruments. The creation of this orchestra incidentally shows the latent talent in this place, which is not uncommon in mixed communities. Thus equipped, we gave a monthly literary and musical evening. Our object, next to seeking their salvation, was to try to brighten and elevate the lives of the people. The men formed a dismal procession coming out of the pit, their clothes wet with mire, and a candle sticking in their caps. Working in the pit, or half stripped before a roaring furnace ladling the molten ore, attending a trolley, assisting in the loading of a steamer, shoveling all day amid sulphur smoke, or whatever was their particular duty, they were all sons of toil. Their calling was a dangerous one always. We can never forget one poor fellow, the victim of an explosion, carried home blinded and disfigured beyond all recognition. Is it any wonder, then, that we felt the call to do something to uplift and sweeten their lives? Our efforts in this direction were fully appreciated. The school-room at the Loading Wharf was crowded to the doors each month by an eager audience listening to "the concord of sweet sounds," or the utterance of "noble thoughts in noble words." All the Christian people heartily laid hold of the work, and we felt ourselves amply repaid in a sense of good done.

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In the winter, when the steamers ceased running, we were more completely shut in. But who has not observed, with the great dramatist, "how use doth breed a habit in a man"? Being accustomed thereto, we ceased to mind it. We were then a little world in ourselves, and as self-sufficing as necessity required us to be. The telegraph kept us informed that the great outside world lived and moved, and the mails, if less frequent, came with wonderful regularity, considering that they were drawn by a dog train or carried on the back of stalwart men. After seeing the mail come in one day, I was painfully impressed with the primitiveness and slavishness of this out-dated method of mail carrying. When I met them the men were bearing the heavy mailbags upon their backs, the dogs following; for when the dog train for any reason became ineffective, there was nothing else that could be done. After that I was less prone to grumble if mails were late, and far more inclined to be grateful to men whose arduous and perilous duty it was to bring them to us over so many miles of trackless snow wastes, frozen ponds, rivers, or bays, in face of the worst storms, or the deceitfulness of ice after a sudden thaw. The marvel to me was how they ever accomplished it. This was the old style in Newfoundland, once generally prevailing, lingering yet in places, but doomed to vanish like snow in spring before the new style fast coming in.

Little Bay possessed a considerable herd of goats, of which one belonged to us at the parsonage, re-

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turning each evening from her wanderings and feeding abroad to her own housie and home provision, to yield in return a supply of excellent milk.

The great rage in Little Bay—pastime, work, hobby, enterprise, or whatever we may term it—was “prospecting.” Here at least was a place where men had learned to use their eyes with effect, both for the world’s good and for their own advantage. The whole district was marked off into “claims.” If all these were developed, turning out as profitable as their owners imagined, the world would have an ample supply of copper for many years to come, even though all other mines in operation now were closed. But as with many of men’s undertakings, so with copper mines, only a small percentage of them come up to expectations. Nevertheless, the spirit that seeks is a good one, and ought to be encouraged; for to it all the advancement of the world is to be attributed. In the long run nothing is lost. Your “claim,” your little enterprise, has more good in it than a skeptical world credits; has in it, quite possibly, all the real, intrinsic worth you think, and in that case it may be brought to light any day; certainly, it will in some bright day to come. If you can but advance the inflowing tide of progress, though it may be by a ripple only, it will be worth while having lived to do it.

The Little Bay Mine and Smelting Works, during the time of our residence there, employed from 500 to 600 men, and paid from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per month in wages.

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I am indebted to my friend, George L. Thompson, Esq., then manager of the smelting works, for the following historical résumé of this mine: "Mining operations commenced in August, 1878, and before the end of the year 10,000 tons of copper ore, carrying about eight per cent copper, was mined and shipped to England, the greater part of this ore having been quarried from the outcrop of lode.

"Smelting the low-grade ore into regulus of about thirty-two per cent copper was introduced in 1883, and continued up to the end of 1886, the production of regulus being 3,077 tons, the high-grade ore produced during this period being exported to England.

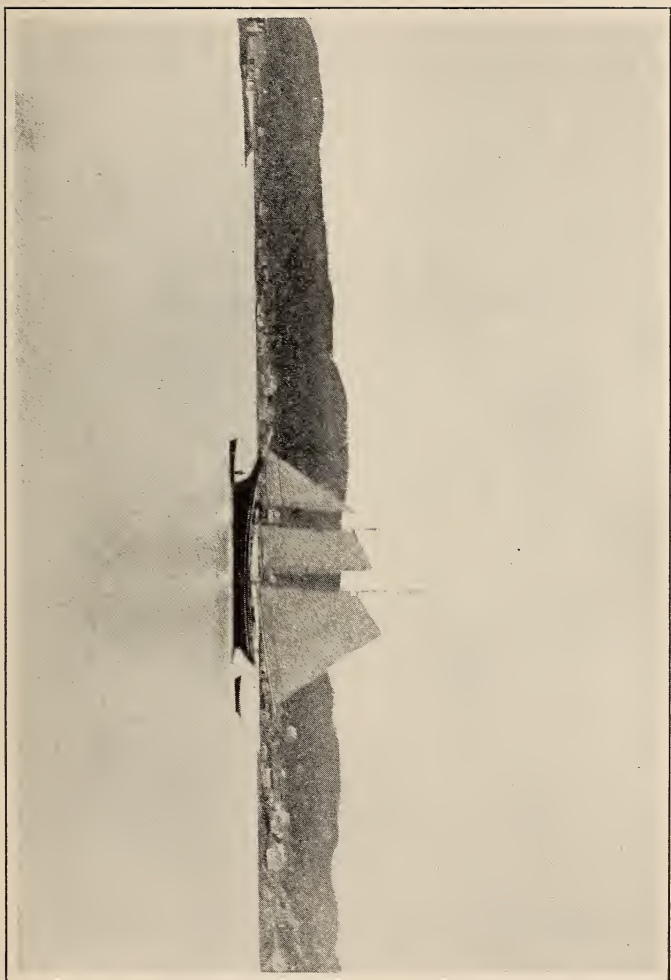
"In 1887 the shipment of copper ore was stopped, the whole output of the mine being smelted into best select ingot copper, this mode of operations being carried on for five years, during which time 5,792 tons of ingot copper was produced.

"About the end of 1892, owing to the price of copper being down to £37 or £39 sterling per ton, the smelting works were stopped, and work in the mine practically closed down, only a limited amount of prospecting being carried on in the upper levels.

"During the years 1895-6 all work was stopped, and since then to the present time the picking over of the mine waste dumps has been carried on."

Mr. Thompson further says:

"Notre Dame Bay may be described as the center of the mining industry so far as copper is concerned in the past, although of late years development work



FISHING VESSEL



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has been carried on at York Harbor on the west coast.

"The ores are chiefly sulphides—forming bunches and strings, occurring mainly in chloritic slates. There are large intercalations of diorite in the slate."

Tilt Cove Mine has an output of about 80,000 tons of ore per annum, carrying about three and a half per cent copper, besides an appreciable amount of gold, and bears handsome profits.

Pilleys Island yields iron pyrites, and since 1899 work by New York parties has been carried on.

Betts Cove Mine (now closed) has had a somewhat eventful and unfortunate history. During the twelve years of its operations it yielded about 117,000 tons, carrying from eight per cent to ten per cent copper.

Other mines, more or less celebrated, are: Bartons Pond, Stocking Harbor, Colchester, McNeilly, Sunday Cove Island, Terra Nova or Little Bay North, etc.

Although mining operations in Newfoundland only commenced in 1864, people being slow to believe in anything but fish and seals in connection with the country, yet to-day Terra Nova ranks as the sixth copper-producing country of the world. And in addition to copper, her mines in different parts are producing iron, lead, nickel, and gypsum, while there are being quarried large supplies of marble and slate. Extensive coal fields are said to exist, and there are encouraging indications of gold.

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### CHAPTER XIX

#### CRUISING AGAIN

"Sith sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear,  
I bear so low and small a sail,  
As freeth me from fear."—*Southwell*.

BESIDES having the oversight of the churches in Little Bay and a small contiguous settlement, once in six weeks I was expected to visit Halls Bay. This trip was not unwelcome, as it afforded relief from the constant strain of work in one place, and was in itself a pleasant change with a spice of adventure about it.

Halls Bay, an offshoot of Notre Dame Bay, runs miles inland, a beautiful and expansive sheet of water. Wolf Cove on the north side and far up in the Bay, and Boot Harbor on the south side and nearer its entrance, were the settlements visited. Once or twice I got a chance in the company's steam launch, but usually I went with Jerry, the mail man. Jerry lived in a tilt on the beach, and his single possession seemed to be his rowboat, with its couple of paddles, and "so low and small a sail" as suited his little craft, which, mast included, was put up and taken down at will. Jerry always welcomed me as a traveling companion; was glad, I imagine, to have some one to talk to and so break the monotony of the long and lonesome journey.

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He was one of those happy-go-lucky characters that seem oblivious both to the frowns and smiles of fortune. His gayety was his contempt for his poverty. With other manifest imperfections, we could not imagine him anything else than poor, and admired the providence which had so framed him that poverty didn't trouble him much. His supreme enjoyment, so wonderfully do extremes meet, was that of some of the wisest—so-called—of our race, a pipe and a friendly chat. But Jerry was a good friend to me, and we had a good time together, so let it not be thought that I desire to disparage him or overlook some excellent qualities in his character.

The first half of the journey was through an inlet from Halls Bay. Having reached a certain point, we carried our boat, or rather dragged it, over a little hill of sand, when we launched it on the waters of the inlet. Here was perfectly calm water, quite shoal in parts, dotted with islands, and with the land at either side at no great distance. Here and there were a few lonely settlers. At noon we tied our boat to a rock and stopped to lunch on the beach. It wasn't long before Jerry had a crackling fire of brushwood and "the kettle bilin'." Then the delicacies and substantials which somebody at home had prepared for us were spread out, and we enjoyed them as only those do whose appetites have been sharpened by a long fast and hard work in the open air.

On reaching Halls Bay we paddled along for miles more, hugging close to the shore, until, as

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evening shades were gathering, we landed at Wolf Cove.

The difficulty and labor of reaching this isolated spot was amply rewarded by the quiet but delightful Sabbath we spent at Wolf Cove, in the happy consciousness that our presence and work were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. There were from a dozen to a score of families; a nice, refined people, mostly from Twillingate, who had been attracted to these solitudes by lumbering facilities. Better still, they were almost all sincere and earnest Christians, and came in a body to the plain little house of prayer which they had built, and which they kept spotlessly clean and neat. In addition to preaching, we held Sunday school, class meeting, and communion. These loving and loyal disciples kept the fire on the altar burning during all the Sabbaths of their minister's absence. There was a day school in Wolf Cove during part of the year, so that the children were sure of some rudimentary training at least. On Monday we crossed the bay to Boot Harbor, which in every detail, except that the people hailed from Conception Bay, was almost a duplication of Wolf Cove. After a day or two spent here, a man kindly took me back to Little Bay. Crossing the bay when the wind blew hard I found much more risky than coasting with Jerry, and I was glad not to be in his frail craft just then.

The lonely solitude of Halls Bay, unbroken by any sound except the shrill cry of a bird or the low murmur of the water, was very impressive. We

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might very easily have imagined ourselves far from all the haunts of man had not the sudden blowing of the whistle of the sawmill on yonder island reminded us of the invasion already begun, which would some day make these shores and this bay the scene of busy, human interest. And what enjoyment, scenic and health-giving, is here for thousands when these solitudes become accessible! So I thought as we paddled along the southern shore. Here the rocky battlements tower high above the water, and are broken into deep fissures, a miniature harbor, a dark cavern. Away on the other side the land slopes gently to the water, as if in friendly communion; and in a long stretch of unbroken coast line is the one little bit of clearance, with its tilled fields and curling smoke.

The plashing of our oars but emphasizes the deep, soothing stillness of nature. Now a wide harbor opens, and the waters, with their rhythmic ebb and flow, lap a pretty circling beach. The buildings of the little settlement are all taken in at a glance; the ten or a dozen houses, the school chapel at one end, and the sawmill over the brook at the other.

Looking far away in the bay again, toward its entrance, a dark object looms up that strangely thrills my heart. It is one of the watchdogs of the British empire, that prowls on her every sea, guarding the sacred rights of her subjects. Here, in one of the loneliest outposts of that empire, lies a British man-of-war, with the Union Jack peacefully flying from her stern. It is the ship, but more the place

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in which the ship appears, that stirs within me emotions of pride and gladness, and inspires thoughts of Britain's far-reaching sway, "dominion over palm and pine," and evokes the prayer that her influence may be for good and only for good.

Even in these solitudes, where we might imagine people's lives were as placid as their surroundings, when permitted to read their story we were sometimes surprised at unexpected depths. Visiting a poor dwelling and addressing the lone woman who was the only occupant, I was startled to hear her greet me in the dearly familiar accent of my native Scotland. "And thereby hangs a tale." Very soon she opened her heart to me, and this, in brief, is what she said: "In my native toon, Glasgow, I was happy and content untae puir health forced me on the doctor's hands. His chief advice for me was a sea voyage. A freen got a passage for me in a ship bound for America. The first port we touched at was St. John's, in this country. In a very short time I got a fine offer o' a position as housekeeper in a gentleman's family, and I made up my mind tae stay. Of course, I never thocht it wad be for lang, as I was expecting tae gae back hame in gude health tae Scotland. But the years slipt by swiftly, as they hae a way o' doing, and by and by I got married. It was na lang before we cam' to live here. My man is awa most o' the time, and I am alane in this solitary place. I feel my heart sair heavy all the day. You see, I am city born and bred, and have been used tae having loats tae do. O, I often wish

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we were back in St. John's or anywhere awa oot o' this." The woman's face, though marked with sadness and heart-hunger, showed unmistakable traces of refinement, and the story as she told it, with the inimitable pathos and sweetness of the Doric, especially as I glanced around the bare and cheerless room, void even of the music of a child's voice, made a strong appeal to my sympathies. "It cam' up roond my heart."

I saw, however, the danger that beset her, of making a solitude within a solitude by isolating herself from the people of the little community, among whom for the present her lot was cast. I prayed that God might appear to her as to Hagar in the wilderness, a Living Presence, making plain the path of duty.

There was another I chanced to meet here who actually courted solitude. For him the small settlement was too crowded, and he built his little house miles away from any other dwelling. There he lived absolutely alone. I met this man at church once or twice, and then he retired again to his hermitage. Not believing that the love of solitude is natural to any man, or could be borne by any man without some adequate cause, I inquired if this cause was known. The reply I received was not wholly unexpected: "A disappointment in love." He sank under his misfortune, and apparently chose to do so, abandoning hope where nobler spirits, spurred by disappointment, rise and press on again to win in the end. For

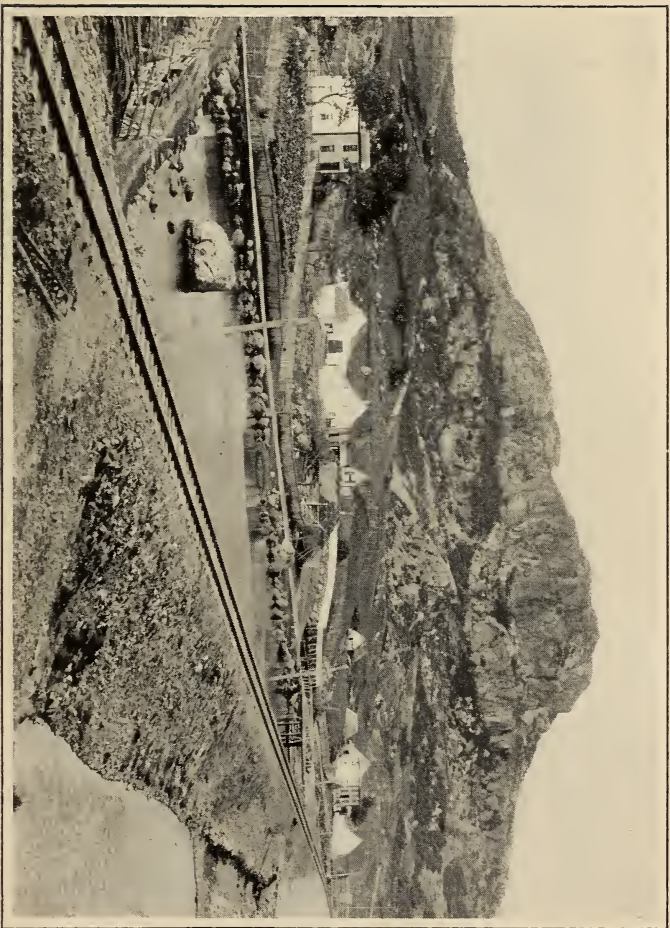
## THE SKIPPER PARSON

"Men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

There was another settlement in Halls Bay which we have not named, a settlement still smaller than the other two, but more picturesque—of Indians, those

"Rugged types of primal man,  
Grim utilitarian;  
Loving woods for haunt and prowl,  
Lake and hill for fish and fowl."

I had heard of their presence in the bay, and when the word was passed around that one of them was dead, and the funeral was to take place that day, I decided to attend. It was a house standing alone; all the Indians in the bay were present, and they no more than filled the two little rooms. The number of white people who attended, and who stood about the door, was greater. The Indians were members of the Roman Catholic Church. No priest was present, but one of their number, who had been taught to read prayers in their native tongue, officiated. The reading or chanting in a minor key, to which their voices seemed peculiarly adapted, was joined in by all, their prostrate forms facing the coffin, on which there were lighted candles. Though pitched in a monotone, their voices often broke into a wail or lament of the most perfect kind. This must have lasted a full hour. When the coffin was being brought forth and placed on a waiting sled to be borne to its last resting place, good order and discipline were lost, and wails became shrieks.



HOLYROOD



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The grave was too far for us to follow, and with a handshake and a word of sympathy we took our farewell, feeling that in the deepest things in life we are all one—red man, and white man, and all the rest of God's great family.

The original race of Indians in Newfoundland, the Bethuk or Boethic, is long ago extinct. Learned authorities classify the Bethuk as a branch of the widespread and warlike Algonquins. Of the aborigines, when he landed in 1497, Cabot is reported to have said: "The inhabitants of this island use the skins and furs of wild beasts for garments, which they hold in as high estimation as we do our finest clothes. In war they use bows and arrows, spears, darts, clubs, and slings." The historian tells us: "As to their personal appearance, the Bethuk men were of the ordinary stature, about five feet ten inches in height. Their hair was coarse and black, and the men let it fall over their faces. Their complexion was lighter than that of the Micmacs. Their dress consisted of two dressed deerskins, which were thrown over their shoulders, sometimes having sleeves. Rough moccasins of deerskin covered their feet. There is nothing to show that they had any religious culture or mode of worship, and the vocabulary which has been preserved does not contain any word to express the idea of a deity." But they are all gone. Newfoundland to-day does not contain a single representative of the interesting race who were once the sole lords of her wide domains. Not the white man only, but their red brother, the Mic-

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mac from Nova Scotia, having learned the use of firearms, assailed them, and this doomed race ceased to be. They have vanished away

"Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn."

The few remaining red men in Newfoundland to-day are representatives of the Micmacs from Nova Scotia.

Toward autumn an occasional steamer may be seen making her way in the direction of the head of the bay. Doubtless she is conveying sportsmen bound for the interior; from England and the United States they come, not in great numbers, but with evident zest. "A very paradise of sportsmen" Newfoundland has been termed. The Micmacs to whom we have referred are employed as guides. The "White Hills" in the adjacent country is a favorite stalking ground for caribou. These noble animals are sometimes seen swimming across the bay.

During our residence in Wesleyville, when butcher's meat was scarce, almost to the vanishing point, we found a good substitute in the fish and game that were so plentifully supplied. During that fall the ptarmigan, wrongly called partridge, was almost our daily dependence. They are in reality willow grouse, and are said to be quite equal to the Scotch grouse. The following from the pen of Hatton and Harvey is almost the picture of an eyewitness of the wide game-frequented spaces, stretching like a

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billowy sea far back from the Wesleyville parsonage: "The surface of the country is dotted with bright lakelets, on which float the white and yellow water lilies; the low rounded hills are covered to the summits with dark green spruce; the 'barrens,' or open spaces, clear of wood, where the game is to be sought, are clad in the somber brown of autumn; the scent of the wild flowers is delicious, and near the coast glimpses of the restless Atlantic are obtained from the higher ground." Also, in the season, we were surfeited with salmon; in Trinity five cents a pound would command the best in the market, and plenty at that.

"Nature has stocked the island with noble herds of caribou or reindeer, finer than those that Norway and Lapland can boast, specimens of which are found at times to weigh over six hundred pounds." Many a time when the successful sportsman has "come in from the hunting" have we enjoyed the venison, which, with the generosity usual in these small communities, was shared among neighbors and friends.

As to the general merits of Newfoundland from a sportsman's point of view, I quote from Lord Dunraven in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1881:

"Newfoundland is not so much visited by Englishmen. I know not why, for it is the nearest and most accessible of their colonies, and it offers a good field for exploration and for sport. The interior of a great part of the island, all the northern part of it, in fact, is almost unknown. The variety of

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game is not great; there are no moose or small deer, and bears are, strange to say, very scarce; but caribou are plentiful, and the Newfoundland stags are finer by far than any to be found in any portion of the continent of North America. . . . The interior is full of lakes, and is traversed by many streams navigable by canoes. Fur is pretty plentiful, wild fowl and grouse abundant, and the creeks and rivers are full of salmon and trout."

I have now to describe the annual missionary meeting tour. Next to Conference, this was to us the event of the year. It was an enterprise rather long and arduous, but it offered great enjoyment, and was looked forward to with pleasure. In the month of March, 1892, Revs. William Rex, of Little Bay Island, Edwin Moore, of Pilleys Island, and myself united to visit every church and schoolhouse on our respective circuits, in the interest of the missionary fund. This was the best time for such an expedition, for the ponds and bays are yet frozen and the biting element taken out of the air.

For a trip like this we had to look to our equipment. To provide against the slippery ice the soles of our leather boots were covered with sparables; for the deep snow, there were our rackets and Indian sewn sealskin boots, which were better than mocasins, because waterproof. Another necessity was a pair of goggles for the eyes, to protect them from the blinding glare of the March sun reflected on the ice and snow.

To reach Little Bay Island, the place of our first

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meeting, I had to travel on the ice some four or five miles. I was fortunate in falling in with a skater, who aided me grandly. Having secured a sled for me, he skated behind, pushing me along at a great speed. This original and almost royal mode of travel I never enjoyed before or after. When we came near the island we found difficulty in effecting a landing, and even my skillful friend was puzzled. The ice along the shore was poor, and we heard that a number lately, in trying, like ourselves, to reach the shore, had been plunged into the chilly water. One of these was my friend Mr. Rex, who, having clambered on an ice pan, was compelled to dance a "Highland fling" to keep his limbs from freezing, and to keep it up until rescued. By dexterous skipping and jumping, in which my companion led the way and shouted directions, we reached the solid land.

We began our campaign here that night. The annual missionary meeting among Newfoundland Methodists, as intimated, was a great event. Then we had our largest crowds, best speaking and singing, and biggest collections. The laymen of the church played no small part in these gatherings. As speakers they strongly reinforced their clerical brethren; sometimes as many as six or eight would be on the platform at once, each willing and even eager to have his word. Neither were the honors of the occasion wholly with the preachers, for some of those laymen, though with little or no schooling, often spoke with a fire and force that were won-

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derfully effective. I remember one whom we may call Skipper Peter (in a rough way suggesting Peter, fisherman, disciple, and apostle of gospel story), who with a manly bearing, clear metallic voice, and evident Christian enthusiasm, aroused a meeting to a fine glow of feeling and a high level of liberality, by addressing us in this fashion.

"Brothers and sisters, it is all right to sing, as we have just been doing,

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!  
Win and conquer, never cease,"

but more than singing is needed, more than preaching and praying, if the gospel is to be spread abroad. It is like this, you see. God has given us the sea, and he sends the winds, but we have to build ships, and then we have to rig 'em and man 'em. We must have ships to launch on the sea, and sails to catch the breezes, and men to do the work, or what's the good? God has given us this 'mighty gospel' about which we have been singing, and it is free—free as the ocean, free as the air, 'without money and without price.' But there's lots for us to do all the same. We want churches, Bibles, and missionaries. The gospel ship won't make headway unless there are men to tend the sails. We may sing all day and nothing will come of it. Then, all hands to the rescue! Bring your dollars and put them in the Lord's treasury. Come now, lend a hand, everyone, not only men and women, but boys and girls. If all Christians will lend a willing hand

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the gospel will fly abroad and no mistake—will ‘win and conquer, never cease.’ ”

In such words Skipper Peter spoke, and his fiery eloquence reached the heart, and touched the springs of will.

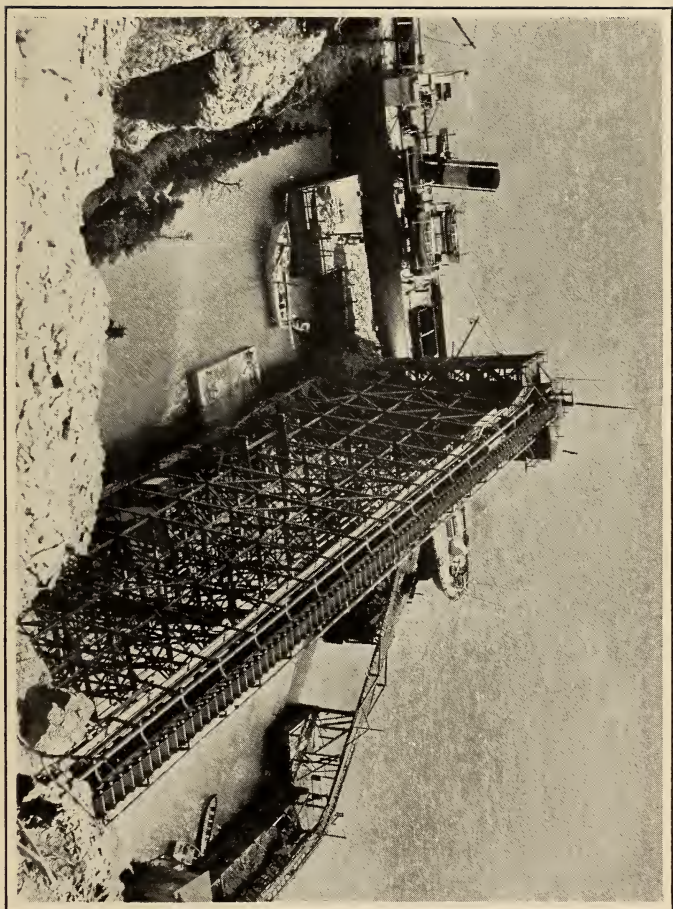
To get from Little Bay Island to our next place demanded of us a hard and dangerous walk over the ice to the opposite shore some miles distant. Wind and tide had jammed together masses of floating ice, now frozen solid, but with a surface rough and uneven—“hummocky,” as Newfoundlanders called it—and liable to have treacherous spots to catch the unwary. Two guides came with us, making a party of five. The guides led the way, and for safety we walked in Indian file, keeping some distance apart, each man carrying a “gaff.” It was a long and tiresome, as well as a dangerous, journey, but we reached the other shore safely. Here we held another missionary meeting.

Next day we struck out in another direction. It was an all-day tramp. Fortunately, conditions of travel were much more favorable than yesterday. The ice was a safe promenade, with just enough crisp snow covering it to make good footing, and the sun cheered us with his genial rays. We needed no guide, and the three of us as we tramped along made ourselves merry with song and story. When we reached the land, and began our walk through the woods, our snowshoes were needed, indeed indispensable, for here the snow was deep. “Night her solemn mantle spreads,” and we hasten along.

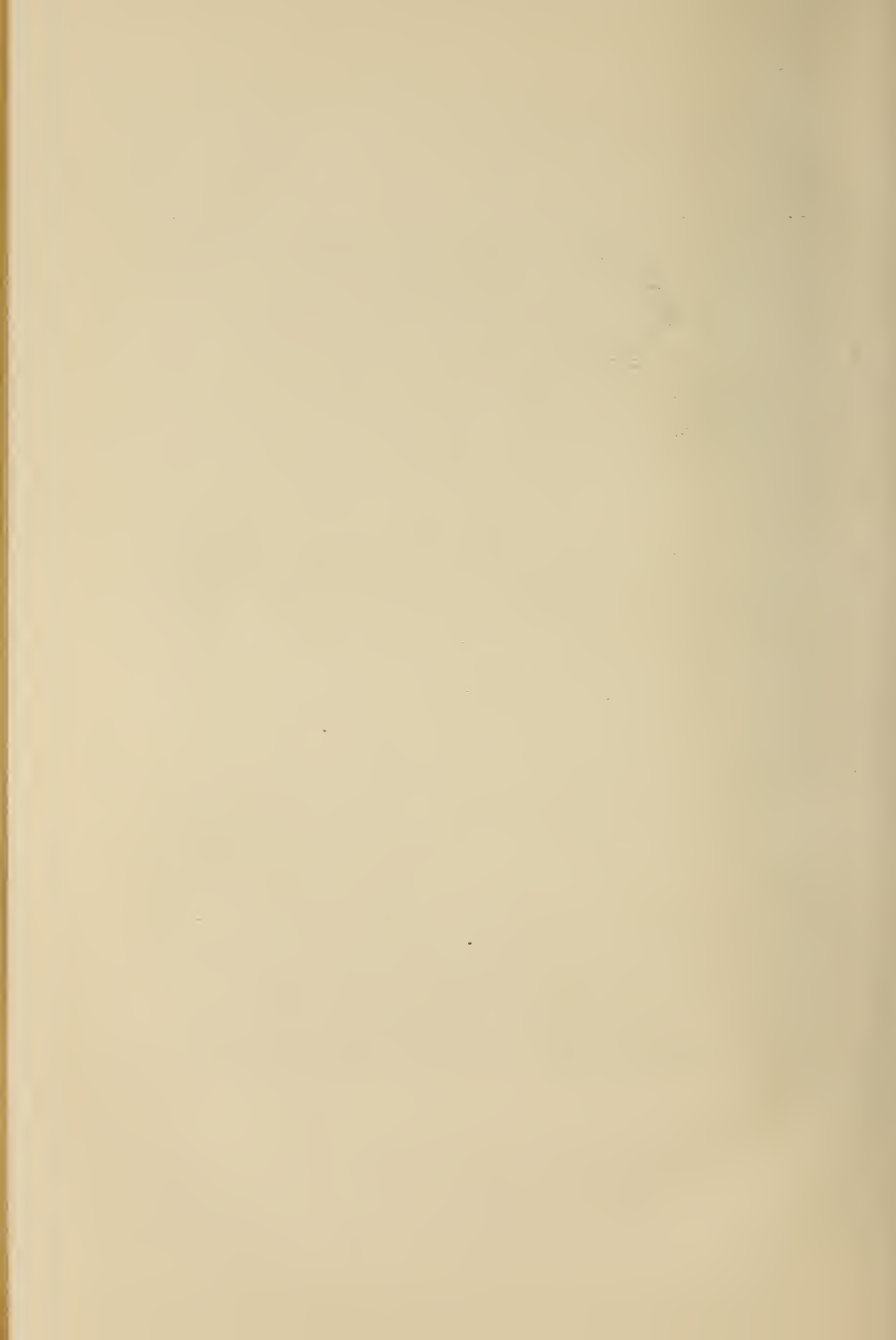
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We arrived barely in time to have a cup of tea before an enthusiastic meeting in the little schoolhouse. From this place we separated for the Sunday, my appointment being Pilleys Island. There I spent a happy Sunday among an earnest people, preaching morning and evening. On Tuesday evening we held our missionary meeting in Pilleys Island. The school chapel was crowded to the doors by a representative audience, and we had a grand meeting. On Monday, the manager of the mine, an Episcopalian gentleman from western Canada, courteously entertained us at his home; a kindness we all appreciated.

Refreshed by our stay in Pilleys Island, on Wednesday we pointed our course for my own circuit. Our destination for that evening was Boot Harbor, Halls Bay. This day I enjoyed for the first time the luxury of traveling on the ice in a "kom-itick," or dogsled, drawn by a team of trained dogs. No one who has not participated in it can understand the exhilarating and pleasant sensation of such a mode of travel, under the best conditions. Scenes like this live in one's memory. Imagine the frozen bay, the ice perfectly smooth, and quite safe as well, an azure sky, a warm sun, whose glare on the ice marks the face with that peculiar bronze brought home by travelers, the barking of dogs as they strain every nerve and bear us over the ice at a rapid pace, and you will understand something of the pleasurable excitement. At Boot Harbor we were joined by a gentleman from Little Bay, and had



LOADING STEAMER WITH HEMATITE, BELLE ISLE, CONCEPTION BAY



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another good meeting. Next morning we walked across the bay leisurely to Wolf Cove. Here our party was increased by yet another gentleman from Little Bay, and the meeting was, if possible, still better.

The crowning meeting of the series was in Little Bay next evening, a special feature of which was the presence of two Eskimos from the Moravian Mission, Labrador, one of whom read the New Testament and sang a hymn, in their native tongue, while the other presided at the organ. These brethren, Christian and accomplished, afforded an example of the good work of the world-renowned Moravian missionaries.

After the meeting, our kind friends at the Loading Wharf gave us a supper, which was followed by music and speeches, and thus ended a delightful tour, occupying ten days, during which we had not a single break or interruption on account of weather or any untoward circumstance, while the Missionary Society benefited to the extent of four hundred and thirty dollars, and we trust that bread was cast upon the waters to be found after many days.

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### CHAPTER XX

#### FAREWELL

“Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
When our stormy voyage is o’er?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair, celestial shore?”—*Hastings*.

WE took our leave of Newfoundland in July, 1892, to join another Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada. As the steamer slowly left the Loading Wharf and made her way out toward the sea, our friends who had assembled on the hill, a goodly company, sang “Sweet By and By,” and other hymns, and waved their farewells to the last. Kinder or better friends we do not expect to meet on earth. But we were borne to other shores and to new scenes, while they also, later in the year, dispersed on account of the closing of the works. The majority left Newfoundland; some for lands far distant; others settled in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, and we have had the happiness of renewing old acquaintance.

My eleven years in connection with the Newfoundland Conference, my nine years of work on the mission fields within its bounds, are now but a memory, yet an unfading memory. I soon found out that the rock-bound coast which seemed so forbidding, when I saw it first, guarded and sentineled

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a land blessed with sunny skies, enriched with many of nature's charms, and, better still, with many hearts kind and true, many faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. When at first I was cast on her shores a shipwrecked voyager, she like a mother received me as an adopted son, and bestowed upon me smiles and love, that more than compensated for earliest pain and loss.

Often have I heard my fishermen friends in prayer and testimony quote words of vivid significance to them, "Hard toiling to make the blest shore." Their lives were in many respects peculiarly hard, but frequently they were lives ennobled and elevated by the presence and blessing of the Master. They illustrated strikingly, those humble men and women, the truth that godliness compensates in a surprising way for the absence of much earthly good, and raises its possessors to a position of real happiness in spite of untoward circumstances. It was evident, that He who aforetime appeared to his disciples "distressed in rowing" had manifested himself to them also, the pledge that he would bring each, at the pleasure of the Father's will, beyond the fogs and mists of time to "their desired haven."

Now, after the lapse of years, the images of cherished friends come back at memory's call, the brave souls with whom we lived and labored: comes, too, the poignant thought, "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

We shall not again meet them all here, but yonder, across the bar, where from every land

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God's children are gathered, *we shall meet them there.*

As we bring this volume to a close we venture to express the hope that its perusal may do something to stimulate an interest in home missions. It is proverbially true that that which lies at our own doors is seen in the light of the commonplace, while that which is afar has, by its very distance, the glamour of romance thrown about it. Yet it is our profound conviction that home missions, which make for the evangelization and education of the people and the building of the Christian nation, can only be neglected with the utmost peril. The work on foreign fields grows in commensurate degree, and the final conquest of the world for Christ comes appreciably nearer as we learn to do our duty to our people in town and country at home.

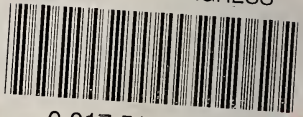
We bid adieu to our readers with the further hope that they may hold a warmer feeling for Ye Old Colony, the land which, in allusion to her geographical position, has been called, "a stepping-stone between the Old World and the New"; which first received and passed on the electric wire that bond of brotherhood; and which now, as an elder daughter, stretching her hands East and West, beckons to closest union and fealty England and America.



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